

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1178. Fourth Series, No. 39. 29 December, 1866.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Miracles: Mr. Mozley's Bampton Lectures . . .	<i>Christian Remembrancer</i> , 771
2. Nina Balatka. Part 5.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 788
3. Hopefully Waiting, by A. D. F. Randolph, . . .	<i>N. Y. Observer</i> , 804
4. Agassiz—Geological Sketches	<i>Examiner</i> , 805
5. Immoral Books	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 809
6. Life of James Grant Percival	" 811
7. The Pope	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 813
8. The Iron Crown	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 816
9. Letters from Hell	" 818
10. Railway Shocks, and other Nervous Injuries . .	<i>Examiner</i> , 821

POETRY: The Palatine, 770. Terminus, 803. Gennesaret, 824.

*** Title Page and Index to Vol. 91.

TO NEW YORK SUBSCRIBERS.

Should any of you have any difficulty in getting your numbers for next year through your booksellers we beg leave to repeat our former assurance that we shall be glad to supply you directly from this office free of postage—upon your remittance of eight dollars to us. Your orders will receive prompt attention

NEW BOOKS.

MADONNA MARY, by MRS. OLIPHANT. 50 cents.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE, by Charles Lever. 50 cents.

MISS MARJORIBANKS, by Mrs. Oliphant. 75 cents.

Published by Littell, Son & Co., Boston. Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms.

CHINCAPIN CHARLIE, by Nellie Eyster. Philadelphia, Duffield Ashmead.

THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY, No. 1. Philadelphia. American Baptist Publication Society.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second	"	"	20	"	50	"
Third	"	"	32	"	80	"

The Complete work	88	"	220	"
-------------------	----	---	-----	---

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

THE PALATINE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk !

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisecs,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast-lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat !

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond ;

When the hills are sweet with the briar-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclosed
Flowers the mainland rarely knows ;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails
show, —

Then is that lonely island fair ;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white !

There, circling over their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking wierdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine, —

The ship that a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on !

Into the teeth of death she sped :
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head !)

O men and brothers ! what sights were there !
White, upturned faces, hands stretched in
prayer !

Where waves had pity, could ye not spare ?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
" The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said :
" There'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold ! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine !

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient knees
They tell the legend of Manisecs.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray ;
" It is known to us all," they quietly say ;
" We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken ?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken ?

Do the elements subtle reflection give ?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph ?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
The sceptre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be
fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing Ghost of the Palatine !

— Atlantic Monthly.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Eight Lectures on Miracles preached before the University of Oxford, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By J. B. MOZLEY, B.D., Vicar of Old Shoreham. London: Rivingtons. 1865.

THE recent attack upon the supernatural when it first broke upon the public had all the character of a surprise. The general public were unprepared for it; and those who had the character of leaders were for the moment at a loss how to meet it. The consequence was, that unbelief gained at the outset great advantages; it secured to its side a large part of the irreligious press; and many well-meaning Christians, ignorant of the real character of the matters at stake, were animated by a false liberalism. We were openly taunted with our silence, and challenged to answer our opponents if we dared, it being taken for granted that no answer could be given. But what is the present position of the question? Possibly our estimate might not be considered an unbiassed one. But we may point to two notable facts which have some meaning. In the first place, the challenge has been answered beyond the expectation of our opponents. A succession of able writers have from time to time appeared on the side of faith—writers whose comprehensiveness of mind will contrast favourably with that of their opponents, whose inherent vice has been one-sidedness—inability to look at the question except from one point of view. Many of the arguments at first paraded as unanswerable have been sifted and exposed; and the general effect has been that the discussion has changed from scientific to philosophical ground. Arguments brought forward as resting on truths of science have been found not to rest on science at all, but on extreme forms of the sense-philosophy. On the whole, it has been found that the Christian religion has something to say for itself, and is not to be overthrown by ignorant dictation or coarse sneers.

But, in the second place, perhaps the most noteworthy result has been the gradual dislodging of our opponents from the positions from which they assailed us. They professed to make war, on unnecessary appendages; to retain the kernel while they cast away the shell; but it was discovered that they had planted their batteries on Christian ground, and that their shot, if successful at all, must slay not only their enemies, but themselves. In effect, the arguments brought forward against miracles

were equally valid against the remnant of religious faith which was still upheld. Thus the opponents of the supernatural have been forced into a continued downhill course. Position after position has been abandoned, till they now stand shivering on the very brink of the bottomless pit. In short, no tenable position has been found between supernatural faith and utter atheism—so signally has the light wherewith we were to be enlightened turned into gross darkness.

The strength of Christianity lies in occupying the field from which the enemy has thus been driven. It is a wide and boundless field—a world more vast and varied than the outer world of physical science. It is a world of realities, of great ideas, and high hopes—a world of freedom as opposed to slavery, and self-immolation as opposed to selfishness. Let us show how this world, so essential to humanity, has been conquered for it by Christ; how its existence is bound up in Him; and how, without Him, man must resign himself to hopeless bondage. Redemption will thus assume a new and striking light, which will especially come home to the nineteenth century. At all events, we have here got hold of something tangible. We are not mere dreamers and sentimentalists. We have facts and possessions for the human race which have at least an equal value, in a practical point of view, with anything which science can bring. If we cannot annihilate science (which we do not desire), so neither will science be able to annihilate us. We can wait in patience for a deeper philosophy, which will reconcile both. Such a philosophy cannot be far distant, and when it comes it will show the world that the truths of science are only outward and phenomenal; that they do not touch the world of real existence; and that they have nothing permanent in them. The world with which religion deals is the only real and permanent world. And it will profit a man but little if he gain the outer world, and lose that which is inner and true.

Mr. Mozley has gained a high place in the list of those who have come forward in defence of the faith. His book has a wonderful solidity about it; and it is very characteristic of the English mind, being of a practical rather than a speculative kind. Though extremely logical, and acutely argumentative, still he never for a moment quits the standpoint of practical humanity. From this point he measures the great problems with which he deals. His inquiry is not, What is absolutely and certainly true? but, What means have we, placed as we

are, of judging of these matters? What are the probabilities of the case? While this method will not satisfy some minds, there are others to which it is specially adapted. And in this consists the value and strength of his work. He will influence a large class of readers who take the pains to master his arguments, who could not be reached by other means. At the same time, the result of his labours, considered as a whole, is not such as we could accept. His theory of the supernatural, both theologically and philosophically, would break down, we believe, under the pressure of facts. But this by no means destroys the utility of his book. The bulk of his arguments are of such a solid kind, that with a little alteration in point of form they could easily be adapted to a more perfect system.

The question as to the supernatural is so extensive, that Mr. Mozley has done wisely in limiting himself to the consideration of one point—the intrinsic credibility of miracles. The difficulty of the present day is not so much taken up with the question of evidence as with the prior question, how a miracle is possible at all. On the one hand, we have science, like an angry farmer, violently vociferating, and warning us off its territory; on the other, the philosophers or the 'enlightened' would equally exclude us from the moral and spiritual worlds. The most pressing need of the present day is thus the vindication of a place for the supernatural in God's universe. Mr. Mozley, from his own point of view, addresses himself with great success to this task. After, in his first lecture, discussing the question as to the necessity of miracles, he proceeds in his second and third to grapple with the scientific difficulty; then follow in subsequent lectures discussions on the relation in which miracles stand to 'belief in a God,' to 'testimony,' to 'unknown law,' and 'practical results.' The last lecture is devoted to an attempt to distinguish between the Scripture miracles and the 'running miraculous' of ordinary religious life.

The question of the necessity of miracles, meaning thereby the higher or more marked kind of miracles, is one which, as preliminary, ought not to be overlooked. On this point the public are especially liable to be imposed upon. General language is often used, plausible in itself, to show their non-necessity; and this not only by men whose religious conceptions are in accord with their arguments, but by a class of well-meaning Christians whose intellectual position is a marvel to us—men who distinctly confess a personal God, and to some

extent a special revelation of Himself, and who yet think miracles unnecessary! What is most needed is to point out what kind of faith requires a miracle, and what kind does not. Let it be distinctly understood that the faith which finds its expression in the Apostles' Creed, or accepts the dogma of a personal God, must stand or fall with miracles. If this is once made clear, then all possibility of mistake is avoided. It is seen that those who discredit miracles are to the same extent, it may be unconsciously, discrediting the Apostles' Creed.

In a former article we entered pretty fully upon this point. Mr. Mozley adopts in general the same line of argument, and his conclusion is the same. 'Miracles and the supernatural contents of Christianity must stand or fall together' (p. 22.) Why is this so? If we ask ourselves why we believe our Lord to be the Son of God, we shall easily see. No doubt we have this faith regarding Him because He testified this of Himself. But would our faith have sufficient ground if it rested simply on this testimony? Mr. Mozley in answer to this question brings out from his own point of view, in a very able way, a line of argument used by ourselves:—

'If, then, a person of evident integrity and loftiness of character rose into notice in a particular country and community eighteen centuries ago, who made these communications about himself—that he had existed before his natural birth, from all eternity, and before the world was, in a state of glory with God; that he was the only-begotten Son of God; that the world itself had been made by him; that he had, however, come down from heaven and assumed the form and nature of man for a particular purpose, viz. to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; that he thus stood in a mysterious and supernatural relation to the whole of mankind; that through him alone mankind had access to God; that he was the head of an invisible kingdom, into which he should gather all the generations of righteous men who had lived in the world; that on his departure from hence he should return to heaven to prepare mansions there for them; and, lastly, that he should descend again at the end of the world to judge the whole human race, on which occasion all that were in their graves should hear his voice, and come forth, they that had done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that had done evil unto the resurrection of damnation—if this person made these assertions about himself, and all that was done was to make the assertions, what would be the inevitable conclusion of sober reason respecting that person? The necessary conclusion of sober reason respecting that person would be that he was disordered in his understanding. What

other decision could we come to, when a man, looking like one of ourselves, and only exemplifying in his life and circumstances the ordinary course of nature, said this about himself, but that when reason had lost its balance, a dream of extraordinary and unearthly grandeur might be the result? By no rational being could a great and benevolent life be accepted as proof of such astonishing announcements. Miracles are the necessary complement, then, of the truth of such announcements, which, without them, are purposeless and abortive, the unfinished fragments of a design which is nothing unless it is the whole. They are necessary to the justification of such announcements, which indeed, unless they are supernatural truths, are the wildest delusions. The matter and its guaranty are the two parts of a revelation, the absence of either of which neutralizes and undoes it.* — P. 13.

But, besides this, the very form which the statement of our faith takes in the Apostles' Creed is the assertion of miracles. To assert that God created the heaven and the earth (and belief in a personal God involves the dogma of creation) is to assert a most stupendous miracle. What else is it to assert that Jesus Christ is His only Son our Lord? that He rose again? that He ascended into heaven? Miraculous facts thus form the essence, so to speak, of our faith in Christ. And if this is so, of what use is it for any one to argue that our Lord's goodness, or the response which His Gospel finds in our hearts, are enough to determine our faith? If, on examination, we find that the things which we believe in are themselves miracles, what do we gain by dispensing with miraculous aid? A believer in a personal God or in the Apostles' Creed cannot discredit miracles without the grossest act of self-stultification.

Assuming, then, the necessity of miracles, they being involved in the only kind of Christianity we care to contend for, an important question arises. In what light are we to look upon them as a whole? How, considered as a system, do they fit into the general system of the universe? Or, in other words, what is the definition of a miracle? How are we to conceive the supernatural in its relation to the natural? Here we regret to find ourselves totally at issue with Mr. Mozley. He has seen no reason to depart from those conceptions brought to maturity in the last century, which are now received traditionally. We think the time has come when the whole question of the supernatural ought to be re-examined and

thrown into a different shape. It is to be borne in mind that the advance both of science and philosophy in recent years has, rightly or wrongly, altered our conception of the world as a whole. Neither scientific men nor philosophers look at nature in the same way as our fathers did; and it is to be remembered that the conception we form of nature largely influences our conception of the supernatural. It stands to reason, therefore, that a *rationale* of the supernatural which was perfectly adapted for combating Deism is no longer applicable to the present war with science. Even if we succeed in establishing it by the strength of our reasons, it will, in its old form, have to the scientific mind a forced aspect. It will suggest, and seem to be bound up with, a view of nature which, wrongly perhaps, they have cast aside as untenable. And we believe, as a matter of fact, no small amount of the scepticism prevalent among scientific men is attributable to this fact. The impatience and contempt with which they thrust aside without examination the claims of faith seem to point to this.

But, besides this, there are other reasons purely theological which point the same way. The present form in which we express the supernatural is the growth of Protestantism, and that too of the very narrowest kind. It is no longer adapted to the theological conceptions which prevail. The tendency of the present age has been to the abandonment of old Protestant modes of thought: on the one hand, in the direction of Latitudinarianism — on the other, towards a fuller appreciation of Catholic truth. It is an anomaly of the greatest kind that our theory of the supernatural should still be expressed in the very straitest form of Protestant narrowness. Such a state of things is especially disadvantageous to us who hold the Catholic faith. We are thereby unnecessarily encumbered by grave improbabilities and awkwardnesses, which seriously embarrass us in contending for the faith.

For these reasons we think that the time has now come when the question ought to be re-examined. We would throw out a few hints of the kind of modification we suggest: they will, in some respects, be a repetition, but also an enlargement, of what we advanced before. It will be more convenient in the first place to discuss the point in its theological aspect.

Mr. Mozley has stated with singular ability and clearness the old evidential theory; and it will be best to give it in his own words: —

* See *Christian Remembrancer*, October, 1863, p. 272, et seq.

MIRACLES—MR. MOZLEY'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

'I enter upon the consideration of the position which I have chosen as the subject of these Lectures—viz. that miracles, or visible suspensions of the order of nature for a providential purpose, are not in contradiction to reason. And first of all I shall inquire into the use and purpose of miracles, especially with a view to ascertain whether, in the execution of the Divine intentions toward mankind, they do not answer a necessary purpose, and supply a want which could not be supplied in any other way.

'There is one great necessary purpose, then, which divines assign to miracles, viz. the proof of a revelation. And certainly, if it was the will of God to give a revelation, there are plain and obvious reasons for asserting that miracles are necessary as the guaranty and voucher for that revelation. A revelation is, properly speaking, such only by virtue of telling us something which we could not know without it. But how do we know that that communication of what is undiscoverable by human reason is true? Our reason cannot prove the truth of it, for it is by the very supposition beyond our reason. There must be, then, some note or sign to certify to it, and distinguish it as a true communication from God, which note can be nothing else than a miracle.

'The evidential function of a miracle is based upon the common argument of design as proved by coincidence. The greatest marvel or interruption of the order of nature occurring by itself, as the very consequence of being connected with nothing, proves nothing; but if it takes place in connection with the word or act of a person, that coincidence proves design in the marvel, and makes it a miracle; and if that person professes to report a message or revelation from heaven, the coincidence of the miracle with the professed message from God proves design on the part of God to warrant and authorize the message. The mode in which a miracle acts as evidence, is thus exactly the same in which any extraordinary coincidence acts; it rests upon the general argument of design, though the particular design is special and appropriate to the miracle. And hence we may see that the evidence of a Divine communication cannot in the nature of the case be an ordinary event. For no event, in the common order of nature, is, in the first place, in any coincidence with the Divine communication; it is explained by its own place in nature, and is connected with its own antecedents and consequences only, having no allusion or bearing out of them. It does not, either in itself or to human eye, contain any relation to the special communication from God at the time. But if there is no coincidence, there is no appearance of design, and therefore no attestation. It is true that prophecy is such an attestation; but though the event which fulfils prophecy need not be itself out of the order of nature, it is an indication of a fact which is, viz. an act of superhuman knowledge. And this remark would apply to a miracle which was only miraculous upon the prophetic principle, or from

the extraordinary coincidence which was contained in it. And hence it follows that, could a complete physical solution be given of a whole miracle, both the marvel and the coincidence to, it would cease from that moment to perform its functions of evidence. Apparent evidence to those who had made the mistake, it could be none to us who had corrected it.'—P. 6.

Now this whole *rationale* we conceive to be radically wrong, and to lead to the most deplorable consequences. It rests upon the fundamental position that a miracle is a suspension of a law of nature, or an extraordinary and unwonted event. Now it is sufficiently obvious, if we take up this position, that we are involved in a whole train of corresponding conceptions. The *end* of the miracle is attestation, to the exclusion of other ends. This again involves a corresponding narrowing of our conception of the Bible. It is a revelation, or, more appropriately still, a message from Almighty God, which the miracle attests. This, in its turn, affects our idea of the relation in which we stand to Almighty God. We might pursue the inquiry through other branches of theology; and if we do, we shall find that we have contracted our theological conceptions in a way which is thoroughly repugnant to Catholic truth. But let us rather examine some of these conceptions, and see how far they are tenable.

To think of Almighty God as a law-breaker is to our mind on the very verge of blasphemy. But to pass over that for the present—Is it an adequate statement of the end of the miracle to say that it is simply for purposes of attestation? or an adequate conception of the contents of the Bible to call them a revelation? Let us not be misunderstood. We do not deny to the miracle its evidential function, nor that some miracles have been wrought for that end only; nor do we deny that one aspect of the Bible is that of a revelation, or that portions of it are pure revelations and nothing else. We would give full significance to the words of the Apostle, when he describes God's relation to man under this aspect: 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.' But the question is, not whether this point of view is correct, but whether it is the primary or the only one: whether, when we look at the miracle and the Bible in this light, we form to ourselves an adequate conception of what they are. In most books on evidences this is assumed. The formula is,—'A miracle

is a violation of a law of nature, and it is the proof of a revelation.' Mr. Mozley, as we have seen, accepts this formula. His view of the Bible and its evidence never rises above this level; and the consequences, as we think, are very disastrous. He is placed at a singular disadvantage in arguing against science: at a still greater in dealing with Spinoza. He is driven into awkward positions and untenable distinctions, as may be seen from his Lectures on 'Testimony' and 'False Miracles.'

But let us see how the matter stands when put to the test of fact. In the first place, with regard to 'revelation':—if we take into consideration the whole events of Bible history, and continue our survey through the history of the Christian Church, does the conception of 'revelation' cover the field of view? Is it an adequate idea of the Bible to call it a revelation? To have an adequate conception of a thing is to have a full idea not only of what it is in itself, but also of its relations to other things—the ends and purposes to which it is adapted. Well, then, in regard to the events of Bible history, do we adequately comprehend their purport when we call them a 'revelation'? Is not the contrary very evident? Take for instance the mission of Moses. Should we have an accurate idea of the purpose of God in raising him up, if we said, He did it, that he might communicate a revelation? Would not this be completely to misunderstand the principal end of the mission of Moses? In point of fact, Moses added very little by way of revelation. God was known and worshipped by sacrifice much in the same way before as after the time of Moses. True, he did add something to the stock of Divine knowledge; and if you like you may look at his mission as a whole, and, under a *certain aspect*, speak of it accurately enough as a revelation. But in doing so you will only have a partial and inadequate idea of the purpose of God in Moses. *The purpose or end* of the mission of Moses was the establishment of the Theocracy, and in so far as God revealed through him, the revelation was but a means to this higher end.

We thus see in respect of the work of Moses, that it is an inadequate and consequently a perverted view of it to call it a revelation. The same thing will be even more glaringly evident in respect of our Blessed Lord. Did God send Him to reveal, or did He not rather send Him to redeem the world and establish His kingdom? It is true these high ends involved and required a certain amount of additional Di-

vine knowledge; but it is a perversion to describe His mission as directed to the end of revelation, and not rather to the higher end, in respect of which the revelation was subordinate.

Let no one suppose that this distinction is a matter of small moment. The absence of it will tell with amazing force in all *a priori* arguments as to the credibility of the faith. Let us suppose two disputants whose subject is the verisimilitude of the mission of Christ: and let them set out from the position expressed or implied that the end of His mission was the revelation of God's will; do we not see what a strong case might be constructed for the negative on *a priori* grounds? When the facts of His life are duly weighed it is seen that they are not adapted, or only very clumsily, to the end presupposed. If God's purpose was simply revelation, a hundred ways might be imagined in which the end might be more directly attained. This case indeed is hardly an imaginary one: it turns up under many aspects in modern books against the faith.

Revelation therefore is not the end of the events recorded in the Bible. God aimed at a higher end through them. But now the question arises, With which of these ends is the miracle connected? In the evidential school, in whose footsteps Mr. Mozley follows, it is exclusively connected with the inferior end. A miracle is the proof of a revelation. It exists and has its place simply and solely for this evidential purpose. Now let us again put this to the test of fact. We would simply remark, to avoid misunderstanding, that we are not denying that evidence is an end attained by the miracle: nor are we denying that some miracles were adapted exclusively to this end. All those miracles that were worked as signs were worked simply as proof. But the question is, Is evidence the exclusive end of miracles considered as a class or whole? Do they exist simply and solely for this end? Or is not evidence after all but a collateral result? Do not miracles aim at something higher, and only hit the end of evidence as it were in passing? Let us again put the matter to the test of fact: the miracles of Christ, as they are the most important, will best serve for this purpose.

How is it, then, with the miracles of Christ? Were they worked exclusively with a view to evidence? We do not think any one who studies their character could for a moment suppose so. Whether they had an evidential value or not, it is manifest that that was not the end for which they were worked. They had a much higher

purpose; they were, in fact, the *necessary consequence* of the new relation in which He stood to man. For, in the first place, they were in general a debt of charity which He paid to suffering humanity. Our Lord being man, and having within Him the power of God, became debtor to His fellow-men for the use of that power. Just in the same way we, being possessed of any talent, are debtors for the employment of that talent. That our Lord's miracles were, in one point of view, a debt of charity, will be evident if we run over some of them in thought. The change of water to wine; the feeding five thousand; the innumerable cures; the widow of Nain's son, Lazarus, &c. Is not this point of view expressly avowed by Him in the exquisitely touching narrative of the woman of Canaan, when He says, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto dogs.' That evidence, as an end, was hardly at all considered is seen from the fact that many of the miracles were done in secret; and, in respect of many others, silence was enjoined. 'See thou tell no man,' is the very language of charity, in its care that the right hand should not know what the left doeth. But, in the second place, our Lord's miracles may be regarded in another point of view. They were intended to shadow forth, and to be the first-fruits of the work of Redemption. He came to restore us in soul and body, to banish from among men all sin and imperfection, all suffering and death; and to show forth this great work He raised the dead and dying, cast out devils, and cleansed the lepers. He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and made the lame to walk. All His miracles had a bearing on the work of Redemption; they were not arbitrary acts of Divine power, but were limited by this idea, which was the end of His mission. And is not this point of view recognized by Him in His answer to the embassy of John the Baptist: 'Go and show John what things ye do hear and see'—as much as to say, 'What ye hear and see is the work of Christ, therefore be in no doubt.' Again, in the third place, the crowning and most stupendous of Christ's miracles, those on which we must rely for evidence, were worked for quite a different end. They were the very work of Redemption itself. Such were the Mystery of the Incarnation, the Blessed Passion and Death, and the glorious Resurrection and Ascension. The absurdity of the position that evidence is the exclusive end of the miracle is seen fully in presence of the miracle of

the Resurrection. It is, after all, *the* miracle on which we rely for evidence, and yet it was worked for quite a different end. It certainly would not have been absent had sufficient proof been previously given.

Here, then, is the cardinal error of the evidential theory—the connecting of the miracle exclusively with the end of evidence, or the maintaining that it has no other purpose or place in the Divine scheme except proof. But this involves a further error—a misconception of the way in which the miracle attains the end of evidence. Mr. Mozley has elaborated, with singular ability, the evidential theory in this respect. He includes the evidential function of the miracle under the general head of the Argument from Design. There is an interruption of natural order, and this event is in coincidence with a Divine announcement. The interruption, it is assumed, is the work of God, and it guarantees the truth of the message with which it is in coincidence. But how can we be sure that the interruption is due to God? The Jews had great difficulty in arriving at such a conclusion, owing to the possibility of diabolical agency. We in modern times would have at least equal difficulty. There would be to us the possibility of some power, not God, being known to and used by the worker. It is evident that miracles, *taken by themselves*, are not equal to the functions which this theory lays upon them. But besides this, the theory is untenable in face of fact. If we apply it to the miracles of our Blessed Lord, we must make some such supposition as this—that He called around Him a sufficient number of witnesses; that in their presence He worked unmistakable miracles; that He then delivered a Divine Message, and appealed to the miracles as proof. But is not such a supposition at variance with our Lord's whole attitude? Does it not assume, what we have shown to be wrong, that the end of His mission was the deliverance of a message or revelation? The truth is, that our Lord appealed to miracles, but not at all in this view. He appealed to them, not as proof of a message, but as, in connection with other things, the appropriate manifestation of the Divine power in Him. He professed to be the Son of God; and not any miracle, or set of miracles, but His whole life and purpose, bore Him out in His profession. Men saw in His daily life the goodness, the wisdom, the knowledge, and the power of God. And when, finally, He laid down His life, and took it again, they saw in these actions the

redemption of the world which He professed to work.*

Now, let us look at the evidential theory in the light of consequences. We have no hesitation in saying that it places the supernatural in a light which makes it utterly incredible. As we have seen, the position taken up involves a train of consequences which make themselves felt in every department of theology; and the result is that the supernatural, as a system, is contracted and perverted in a way which makes it utterly incredible. Is it not a notorious fact that miracles are rejected on *à priori* grounds? that men will not listen to, much less examine, the arguments in their favour? And why is this but that the system of the supernatural, as proposed to them, appears in their eyes so narrow as to be almost childish? And what has occasioned this but simply the error which we have pointed out? If we once disentangle it from this error, the supernatural, as a system, acquires a breadth, a range, and a verisimilitude, which will come home with imposing force to the minds of men.

It is a result of the evidential theory that miracles are thereby isolated. They are made to be rare events: they are dis severed from all connexion with anything which now has a place in the world of experience. They have the character of arbitrary acts as opposed to a scheme or rule of action; they are expedients to which God is supposed to resort for the attainment of a particular end; and which are laid aside when the end is attained.

Now each of these statements forms a separate improbability, and the whole, when taken together, reach an amount which is not to be got over. An event is improbable in proportion as it is rare; if it has not occurred for eighteen centuries it is very improbable. This improbability, however, would be got over, if we found the *rationale* of the alleged event in the present world of experience. Thus the appearance of a comet, whose period had been ascertained to be 2,000 years, would not be improbable. But if the alleged event is totally disconnected with the world of experience—if it is separated from it by an impassable chasm, its non-occurrence for eighteen centuries creates an improbability which is very great. We may measure

it, as Hume has done, by setting the world of experience, actual and unmistakeable, on one side, and the alleged event on the other. A further improbability, which amounts, as we shall see, almost to an impossibility, is raised against any alleged event if it cannot be brought under a law or rule of action; and this is the case with miracles as viewed under the evidential theory.

So far we have been viewing the miracle in itself. Now look at it on the part of God, and a different kind of improbability is created against it. It is unworthy of Almighty God that He should be supposed to break laws, or to have recourse to expedients. There is no denying what has been so often urged upon us, that this involves a supposition unworthy of perfect wisdom. Then if we consider the end for which the expedient is alleged to be devised—the attestation of a message—could not this end have been attained by apter means? Would a miracle attest a message to us? If what we have been saying is true, *taken by itself*, it would not. But an improbability arises out of the idea of the 'message.' Is it worthy of the relation between man and God, that the only visible act of intercommunication should be a message, delivered eighteen centuries ago? Is God in His dealings with man to come forth but once, and ever after to recede into obscurity? Or if we can get over this, we meet an objection which is even more formidable; and we state it in stronger terms than is done by Mr. Mozley (p. 117). Can we suppose that truths on which our eternal interests depend should be guaranteed by events which, to say the least, wear an aspect of incredibility—events which are allied to nothing which has a present place in God's universe, and the truth of which as facts is only guaranteed by a second-hand channel of knowledge—human testimony? Would this be worthy the care and wisdom of our heavenly Father?

But the improbability of the miracle as thought under the evidential theory assumes greater proportions, when we state accurately its bearing upon nature. 'Miracles,' says Mr. Mozley (p. 142), 'are summarily characterized as violations of the laws of nature.' We shall hereafter have to return to this subject, when we come to consider the relation of the supernatural to nature. In the meantime, it is to be remarked that the evidential theory necessitates some such definition as the above. A miracle, to be a miracle, must be marked off unmistake-

* For a fuller account of the secondary and indirect way in which the miracle attains the end of evidence, see *Christian Remembrancer*, October, 1863. The error of the evidential theory consists in regarding the miracle as proving a 'message,' instead of regarding it as the outer manifestation of the Divine presence with man.

ably from ordinary events; and it is of no consequence what term we use so long as this process of separation is performed. We may call them violations or suspensions of laws of nature, or events at variance with the course of nature or ordinary experience; and in each case the meaning is that, *taking our stand on the world of experience*, a miracle is an unusual, unaccountable, lawless, or isolated event; for if it could be accounted for, or reduced to any law existing in the world of experience, it would cease to be a miracle. We say, taking our stand on the world of experience; because divines, when hard pressed by the objections of science and philosophy, have taken refuge in the theory that, though lawless in reference to this world, a miracle is not lawless on the scale of the whole universe. But it is obvious science might decline to admit this higher point of view as equally beyond experience, and as in fact guaranteed only by the miracle. It might say, nay, it does say, I must not judge of the miracle in the light of what it proves; I must judge of it by that of which I have experience; and judged in this light, it is a lawless, unaccountable, isolated event.

Let us see now what objections the miracle is liable to when propounded to the world in this character. It is placed under the ban both of science and philosophy. Science has shown that, as a matter of fact, a lawless and isolated event has no existence in nature. Philosophy goes further, and shows that it cannot have; that in fact the assertion of such an act or event is a contradiction in terms. For what is a purely lawless, or exceptional act? It is an act which is out of all relation to other things. But such an act is to us simply unknowable. We can only know things in so far as they are connected with other things, *i.e.* in so far as they are instances of law or system. A purely lawless or exceptional act is simply unknowable. What then does the definition of the miracle as something exceptional or opposed to experience amount to? It simply annihilates itself. It amounts to this, *that a miracle in so far as it is a miracle is an impossibility, a nonentity*. In point of fact, too, it is wrong: for what we call miracles are not disconnected from nature. What makes them to be miracles is not want of connexion with nature, but connexion with something else.

But we care not to point out further the difficulties and incredibilities by which this theory of the supernatural is surrounded on every side. What is more to the pur-

pose is to show how they are self-made. Let us disconnect the miracle from its assigned end—the proof of a revelation; let us join it on to God's great purposes in connexion with man; and it immediately assumes an aspect and a standing under which all these difficulties vanish like unhealthy mists. Our theory of the supernatural loses its cramped and forced aspect. It becomes natural and imposing; and, instead of being attended with an *à priori* improbability, all facts and analogies of present experience point to and support it.

For when we have so disconnected the miracle, it loses its isolated character and becomes one of a class or system of facts. If we comprehend in one whole the contents of the Bible and the religious life of the Church, it is obvious that we have got a class of facts with special characteristics. They may be designated as that class of facts which arise out of the relation in which man stands to God. And this would mark them off from other classes of actions which have a place in the life of humanity: as for instance, the social, political, and physical, which arise out of the relations in which we stand to our fellow-men and physical nature. Now let us observe what is the distinguishing mark of those facts or phenomena which arise out of the Divine relation. It is that they are supernatural, or in other words miraculous. Why so? Because in religion the objects towards which we act and which react on us are supernatural. When we act towards our fellow-men socially or politically, those with whom we act belong to the same sphere of being, and the resultant acts are what we term natural. But in the simplest act of religion, the object with which we are set face to face is supernatural, and the act is consequently a supernatural act. The supernatural character of religious actions can only be denied by maintaining that in religion the action is all on our side: and that there is no response from on high. If there is a response, if when we kneel down God's eye is turned to us, if He vouchsafes His blessing or His grace, or His providential care, or any other sign of His presence, then these acts are certainly supernatural. They are as much miracles as the dividing of the Red Sea, or the raining down of manna. Why should great miracles such as that of the Red Sea be distinguished from an ordinary act of providential care, or the Resurrection of Christ from an act of grace whereby a soul dead in sin is raised to a new life in Christ?

What differential character can be assigned to them? We believe there is none. You may say that those great miracles were interferences with the course of nature. But were they so in any sense in which the latter are not? Is not the most ordinary providential act an interference with the course of nature? Is not the communication of Divine grace the same? Are not both the special work of God just as much as the former?

Mr. Mozley has laboured hard to establish a distinction between the great miracles and what he terms the running miraculous. But we look in vain for any character assigned by him which would form a rational ground of distinction. The only thing which he seems to dwell upon is, that they were greater and more unmistakable, so to speak: and that being so, the Jews and heathens recognised them to be miracles in a sense in which their own were not. And this is quite true. But greatness will not of itself give a differential character. There were great differences in this respect in the miracles of Christ. We could not, for instance, put His cures upon the same footing in respect of greatness as the raising of Lazarus, or His own resurrection. But there is a point which Mr. Mozley has overlooked. Is it not matter of faith that miracles, at least as great as those of Christ, are day by day being transacted? Every time we kneel at the altar, are we not bound to believe in a miracle second only to the Incarnation? and the same in respect of the other sacraments? How can we in any true sense believe in the work of the Spirit without believing in a law of continued miraculous agency?

And so, when we shut up a book on evidences, and return to ordinary religious life, we instinctively throw aside the evidential theory, and take up a point of view such as we are advocating. The moment we have to do with practical religion, we find ourselves in an atmosphere of the supernatural. We regard our personal religious life, and the life of the Church, as parts of a great miraculous system—a system which began in the earliest times, which culminated in the miracles of Christ, and which, as a system, is going on still. In proof of this we select the following passage at random from a common religious manual.

'The Church is the family of God. Those who compose it, whether already triumphant in heaven, or still militant on earth, have been made His children by adoption and grace.

They are therefore admitted to a participation of those blessings which form the subject of St. Paul's prayer for his Ephesian converts. The Spirit of God, by whom they are regenerated, dwells in them. They become His temple; and so by Him are "strengthened with might" in their soul or "inner man." By the same blessed Spirit, the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts. Christ, therefore, dwells in their hearts by faith; according to His own promise to them that love Him, that "He will come unto them, and make His abode with them." So great, then, is the change which passes upon all regenerate Christians at their entrance into the Church of Christ, that it can be compared to nothing less than a resurrection. By it we become "dead unto sin, and born again unto righteousness. The "old Adam is buried in us, and the new man is raised up in us." To illustrate more fully this great faith, the Church leads us to consider the resurrection of the widow's son in the Gospel for the day. *In this, as in the other miracles performed by Our Lord upon the bodies of men, we may see a type of those He now works upon our souls.* Christ, the resurrection and the life, who stood by the bier of the young man to bid him "arise," is as really, though invisibly, present with each one of His regenerate members, when He bids them "rise again from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness." The influence of His Blessed Spirit, which He then sheds upon their souls, is to them as the breath of their spiritual life, by which they live and move and have their being. The same mighty power which raised the widow's son from the temporal death, also "quickened us when we were dead in trespasses and sins."—*The Christian taught by the Church's Services, edited by Dr. Hook, Part ii. p. 77.*

We would ask, is all this a reality, or is it just a way of speaking? If it is a reality, then the evidential theory is wrong; for there is a law of miracles going on now identical with that which gave rise to the miracles of Christ. And why should we not recognise this in forming a *rationale* of the supernatural? If we do so, we shall get as a definition of the miraculous, 'that class of facts or phenomena which arise out of the relation in which man stands to God.' This would be in substance identical with a definition which we gave in a former article; but better expressed. In defining the miracle to be 'an event with a supernatural cause,' we omitted to specify the human side of the miraculous. As a matter of fact, miracles are not due to supernatural power simply, but to supernatural power in relation with man.

The advantages of this definition over the old theory are very great. It frees the whole sphere of the supernatural from the cramped shape into which it was thrown.

We no longer need to look at any acts of God as exceptional or rare. The sum of His dealings with man forms one great whole. If we suppose that a real relation subsists between man and God, then all that is recorded in the Bible, and in the religious life of the Church, is but the necessary result of that relation. Thus, looking at the period preceding the advent of Christ, we find the character of the divine relation to be in general what we may term providential. God, indeed, shed forth gifts which typified and foreshadowed the charismata of the Church: such, for instance, as the gifts to the prophets, or the charisma of powers possessed by Elijah. But these were fragmentary in their nature. The general character of the relation was providential, and the miraculous phenomena recorded for the most part come under the head of Providence. They were worked for providential not evidential ends. Thus, for instance, the miracles of the Red Sea and of Jordan were not ordered for attesting the missions of Moses and Joshua. They, no doubt, had this effect collaterally, as everything which manifested the reality of the providential relation would have; but their primary end was for the fulfilment of God's providential purposes in respect of His people.* Under this point of view these great miracles no longer stand out as isolated marvels. They have their place in a class of facts of which we have experience; and are capable of explanation in accordance with a law of Providence now going on. For we defy any one to assign a character which they possess different from the most ordinary providential act.

With the coming of Christ a new order of things began, of which the distinguishing mark was the personal presence of God in man. We have first the presence of the Second Person in Christ by means of the hypostatic union; and, secondly, the presence of the Third Person in His Body—the Church. Thus a new relation was established between man and God, and this gave rise to a new class of miraculous facts. The miracles of Christ were the result of the hypostatic union; and their end, as we have pointed out, was not primarily evidential, but for the accomplishment of the work of redemption. In like manner the miracles of the Church resulted from the presence of the Holy Ghost, and they looked not to

evidence but to edification. Divines have distinguished two classes of gifts in the Church, the ordinary and the extraordinary—the former directed to the perfecting of the individual, the latter to the perfecting of the body. But though the latter, comprising as it does gifts of healing, powers, tongues, prophecy, &c., has been more especially characterized as miraculous, the other class must be held to be equally so. Both are alike, *dona supernaturalia*; both are the work of the Holy Ghost; and St. Paul contemplates the latter equally with the former as the permanent heritage of the Church (1 Cor. xii.).

If now we admit our definition of miracles, the advantage of it in a controversial point of view will be enormous. It simply reverses the respective positions of the Christian and the unbeliever. Whereas, under the old theory the probability in an *à priori* point of view was strongly against it, it is now as strongly in favour of miracles. All nature leads up to man,—but in man we have a personal being capable of knowing and serving God—a being whose only possible relation to God is a personal one. But this personal relation, if it is real, must be miraculous—must terminate in a class of facts of the same character as those recorded in the Bible. The special advantage of this is that, in arguing with the unbeliever, the field is narrowed and defined. In arguing against miracles, he must at once, and openly, take up (what is always implied in his argument) an Atheistic or Pantheistic position. *He must deny a personal existence to man*; and so bring himself into conflict with the common sense of mankind. Once admit the human personality, and the existence of God and of the miraculous follows as a matter of course.

Our definition, too, at once and for ever obviates the philosophical objections. Spinoza is the source whence these are drawn; but we have taken the ground from under his feet. His whole strength consists in hammering on the fundamental axiom—'everything which takes place must be in accordance with law.' But miracles are not lawless events; they are not shifts and expedients resorted to for a special purpose. On the contrary, there is a law of the miraculous, just as there is a law for every other class of facts in God's universe. There is, for instance, a class of facts which arises out of the mutual relations of molecules and masses of matter; and these, we say, are subject to the law of gravitation. But, just in the same way, there is a class of facts which arises out of the relation in

* It seems ludicrous to observe that the Red Sea was divided, that the Israelites might pass through. Yet it is from overlooking this very obvious view of the matter, that all the difficulties with science and philosophy have originated.

which man stands to God, and these are subject to the law of the miraculous. Thus miracles are a part of God's original plan; they have ever had their place in the world, like other phenomena, and are equally capable of a rational explanation. They are not to be regarded as an after-thought, but as beginning with the creation of man, and continuing so long as he has his place in this world.

The point of view we are advocating will give a rational account of two difficulties which are very formidable under the old theory. First, we can account for what Mr. Mozley terms the 'running miraculous.' It is a remarkable fact, as Mr. Mozley has pointed out, that miracles have ever formed part of the inmost life of humanity. Belief in them has prevailed in all ages of the world, and among every class of mankind. Heathens and Jews, as well as Christians, have had their miracles; and even in modern times science has supplied material for them, which has given rise to spiritualism. The old theory cannot account for this remarkable phenomenon. It is obliged to characterize this faith as a delusion, and the hankering after such things as a 'morbid want,' the product of 'curiosity, imagination, misery, helplessness, and indolence' (p. 204).

But how can that be a 'morbid want,' which has vindicated for itself a universal position in humanity? which has 'flourished successively on heathen, Christian, and scientific material; because, in truth, it is neither heathen, nor Christian, nor scientific, but human?' Its universality proves that it is not a 'morbid,' but a legitimate want. What is universal is also necessary: and if it is the former it must have its ground in a necessity of human nature. And, in truth, if the point of view we are advocating is correct, it must be so. So soon as man awakens to the consciousness of a personal existence, he experiences the necessity of the Divine relation, and miracles as the results and evidences of that relation. If this want is not gratified in a legitimate way, it will seek its gratification by illicit means. In contemplating the records of the running miraculous we must allow a large margin for delusion. But Scripture undoubtedly contemplates along with delusion a measure of truth. We know not how far the Spirit of God may have revealed Himself among the heathen; nor how far evil powers may have been permitted to delude mankind.

The other difficulty to which we alluded is the cessation of miracles. The old theory

creates an impassable gulf between our age and the age of the Bible. While the latter was the age of the supernatural, the present is the age of the natural. Why should there be this unnatural chasm? Why should miracles have ceased? You can give no reason on the old theory which will not be signally refuted by an appeal to fact. It is sometimes said that revelation having been proved by the aid of miracles, they are not now required. But how inappropriate is such a remark in an age of unbelief like the present? What an immense impulse to Christian faith would not a revival of miracles give? But, in truth, the real import of the difficulty is not sufficiently stated by simply saying miracles were, and miracles are not. The difference between an age of miracles and an age without miracles implies a difference in the relation in which man stands to God. It implies in the one case that God is very near to man, that He guides, rules, assists him, and makes His presence felt. It implies in the other that God has receded from this near relation; that man may call to Him, but He will not answer, nor vouchsafe a sign that He is near. We judge of the present by the past, but to a soul agonizing with this frightful doubt, is there not a great temptation to judge of the past by the present? If all signs of God's presence now are to be set down as delusion, why should it not be the same in times past? It is true, even from our point of view, we have to account for the fact that miracles like those of Christ no longer take place. But if we relieve our views of the supernatural from the unnatural twist which they have received from the evidential theory, will not a simple consideration of the facts supply a sufficient answer? Great miracles like those of Christ no longer take place, because the Gift residing in Christ is no longer in the world. But the working of Providence, and the gifts of the Spirit, still remain—the latter, it may be, not in such large measure as in Apostolic times (which is, perhaps, our own fault), but the same in kind.

We have now to look at the question in its philosophical aspect; or, in other words, to consider how we are to view the supernatural in its relation to the natural. On the view we take in this matter will depend, whether we are to assign as the differential character of the miracle, that it is a violation of suspension or a law of nature. Now, if we adopt the definition of the miracle which we have given, it is evident that such a differential character is not needed. If miracles are the direct result of that perma-

nent relation in which man stands to God, then, to all intents and purposes, the supernatural is brought within the sphere of the natural, *if by the natural we mean the sphere of human experience*. More especially is this the case in reference to the miracles of Christianity. The Divine power in Christ, during His earthly sojourn, certainly formed a part of nature; for it was hypostatically one with His human nature, which every one allows was natural. In the same way a charisma of powers, imparted to an individual member of His Body, must be viewed as natural; for in this case, although the union is not the same, yet we know that the miraculous power resides in the individual as a permanent gift. The providential relation is somewhat different; it is certainly the introduction of supernatural power within the sphere of nature, and as such might be characterized as different from, or at variance with, nature; but being a continued agency, not limited to the sphere of humanity, and being essential to the very existence of nature, it practically forms a part of this system of things.

On these grounds we held, and still hold, that the mark of contrary to nature as a differential character of the miracle is not needed. Miracles are a class of facts within human experience, and as such are in a parallel position with every other class; and they difference themselves in a similar way. It is to be observed that every class of facts must be contrary to the rest of nature; for in no other way could they establish themselves as a class. The organic phenomena for instance, or the rational acts of mankind, must be at variance with every other kind of phenomena. And in this sense, and no other, do we allow that miracles are contrary to nature. If there is any sense in which miracles are more contrary to nature than other classes of phenomena, let it be pointed out. If there is not, why attach to them an obnoxious and unnecessary mark which will give rise to endless dispute and confusion? *

Mr. Mozley, while doing us the honour to quote our remarks on this subject, takes occasion to dissent. He is, indeed, willing to resign the expressions—violation, or suspension of a law of nature, if they are

considered obnoxious. He would even go so far as to maintain that a miracle, when judged of on the scale of the universe, is not contrary to, but in accordance with, law. But, while maintaining this accordance with higher law, he at the same time maintains the opposition of the miracle to 'that set of laws which comes within the cognizance of our experience' (p. 361). Now, if by 'that set of laws' Mr. Mozley means every other set *but the miraculous one*, then miracles are contrary in the sense expressed. But just in the same way if we put apart any other set—*e.g.* the rational acts of mankind—from the bundle which we comprehend under the name of nature or experience, then we might just as truly say that *they* are in opposition to 'that set of laws which comes within the cognizance of our experience.'

And this brings out the real difference between Mr. Mozley and ourselves. We are not so much divided upon the relation of the miracle to nature, as upon the prior question—What is a miracle? The difference will come out in answer to the question,—Do miracles as a law or class of phenomena form part of human experience? In his view they do not; in our view they do. In his view they are past and exceptional acts on the part of God; in our view they are parts of a vast system now going on. While he believes that the resurrection of Christ and the Apostolic charismata stand separate and altogether apart from us, we believe that the *same power* which accomplished these marvels as a law or system, is even now at work among us, and is part of our experience.

We thus maintain that the mark of contrary to nature as a differential character of miracles is not needed. But it is a mark which, from peculiar circumstances which we will now point out, is not only dangerous but fatal to theology; and on this ground ought to be rejected. We have hitherto spoken of nature as *identical with the sphere of human experience*: but in doing so we are using language which, although common, when it comes to be examined will sound strange in the ears of common sense. Common sense will ask,—Is not nature altogether independent of human experience? Did the visible world, which geology tells us existed so many ages before man, only in reality begin to be, when the human eye was created to behold it? Do mountains and valleys, do John and Thomas vanish into nothingness when they are not seen? If they do not—and common sense is pretty sure they

* Dr. Hannah, with his usual ability and clearness, has specified the three elements necessary to the definition of a miracle—its *efficient*, its *formal*, and its *final* cause. With regard to the efficient cause we are at one with him. His formal cause, as will be seen, we admit or reject according to what is meant by 'nature.' With regard to the final cause, we have already shown in what respect we differ from the evidential theory. (See *Contemporary Review*, July, 1866, p. 303.)

do not — then is nature not identical with human experience: it has a separate and independent existence. And upon this ground common sense will construct its theory of nature in relation to the supernatural. The material world with its gradations of beings, rising in a vast chain from the lowest existence up to man, forms one sphere of existence — the sphere of nature; and above this; invisible to us, there is another sphere of existence — heaven. It is peopled by spiritual beings and departed souls. We know very little about it; but we know that in respect of our spiritual nature we belong to it, while in respect of our bodily nature we belong to the world of nature. Both these spheres of existence, the natural and supernatural, are united in the over-ruling providence of God.

Now, if this conception, which we believe to be philosophically accurate, and which prevailed down to the end of last century, were universally recognized in modern science and philosophy; there would be no difficulty in our definition of miracles. We might safely allow the differential character of contrary to nature. In fact, Bishop Butler's definition: 'A miracle in its very notion is relative to a course of nature, and implies somewhat different from it,' would hit the mark. For miracles would be the breaking in of the higher world upon the lower; and they would establish themselves as a class by their opposition to nature as a whole, just as every other class of phenomena in nature have some mark of opposition to the rest.

But nature, in modern science and philosophy, is taken in a sense which is not only different from, but has literally no analogy whatever to the above popular sense. In fact, a great revolution in human thought was effected by Kant's polemic against Hume. The line of argument which Kant took up, was that of a distinction between the noumenal and phenomenal world. This distinction, we may truly say, formed a new era in human thought: and its solidity is established by the fact that it has been adopted into all philosophies, and has found its way downwards into the conceptions and reasonings of science. It is commonly expressed by the phrase, 'the relativity of human knowledge,' and it is equally contended for by the sense-philosophy, as represented by Mill, and the common-sense, as represented by Hamilton. According to this distinction, all that is objected to the senses, or in other words, all that we experience, is only phenomenon; but behind this there is, or there is not, as *veræ*

cause et substantiæ, a corresponding noumenon. The extreme sense-philosophy, as represented by Hume, would deny the existence of a noumenal world: the more moderate would allow that it may exist, but would maintain that we can never know it: the common-sense philosophy would maintain that it does exist, and that, although we cannot know it positively, yet the fact of its existence is assured to us by an indelible conviction impressed upon the mind.

The effect of this distinction is that it cuts the popular idea of nature in two. In the days of Bishop Butler, the term nature included both the noumenal and phenomenal world: 'people were not at that time aware of the distinction. Nor do we think there ought to be any other than a logical distinction: for noumenon and phenomenon as existing in nature are really one, — or rather noumenon is that which really exists, and phenomenon is the impression or knowledge which we have of it. But in modern science and in the sense-philosophy the distinction is made a very real one. That class of scientific men represented by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Grove, and sense-philosophers, such as Stuart Mill, exclude altogether from consideration the noumenal half of nature, and limit their views entirely to the phenomenal. The position they take up is thus stated by Stuart Mill: —

"I premise, then, that when in the course of this inquiry I speak of the cause of any phenomenon, I do not mean a cause which is not itself a phenomenon; I make no research into the ultimate ontological cause of any thing. To adopt a distinction familiar in the writings of the Scotch metaphysicians, and especially of Reid, the causes with which I concern myself, are not *efficient*, but *physical* causes. They are causes in that sense alone, in which one physical fact is said to be the cause of another. Of the efficient causes of phenomena, or whether any such causes exist at all, I am not called upon to give an opinion. The notion of causation is deemed, by the schools of metaphysics most in vogue at the present moment, to imply a mysterious and most powerful tie, such as cannot, or at least does not, exist between any physical fact on which it is invariably consequent, and which is popularly termed its cause; and thence is deduced the supposed necessity of ascending higher, into the essences and inherent constitution of things, to find the true cause, the cause which is not only followed by, but actually produces, the effect. No such necessity exists for the purposes of the present inquiry, nor will any such doctrine be found in the following pages. But neither will there be found anything incompatible with it. We are in no way concerned in the question. The only notion of a cause which the theory of induction requires, is such a no-

tion as can be gained from experience. The Law of Causation, the recognition of which is the main pillar of inductive science, is but the familiar truth, that invariability of succession is found by observation to obtain between every fact in nature, and some other fact which has preceded it; independently of all consideration respecting the ultimate mode of production of phenomena, and of every other question regarding the nature of 'things in themselves.'"^{*}
—*Mill's Logic*, vol. i. p. 338.

It is to be remarked that the class of thinkers who take this line are the most popular at the present day; and that their conception of nature is gradually supplanting the older one. People's minds are becoming more and more habituated to think of nature as a mere succession and co-existence of phenomena. It is in our view a false idea of nature; but we have to face the fact that it not only prevails, but is the dominant one. To a scientific mind imbued with it, the natural world is the world of phenomena, the supernatural (if it has any existence) is the world of noumena. To such a scientific mind, man considered as a person *i.e.* a noumenon, is as much a supernatural being as are the angels.

What now will happen if in face of this view we maintain the opposition of miracles to nature? We shall put them in a position in which they become quite incredible. The true opposition is that between the noumena of the supernatural world and the noumena of the natural; the opposition is not to a succession of natural phenomena.

^{*} This is all very well for Mr. Mill and those scientific men who think with him. But do they not, after this programme, stand self condemned, if they ever presume to draw an ontological inference? For instance, with regard to Divine Providence. That is a question which literally turns upon the existence or non-existence of a noumenal world. If there are true causes and substances in nature, that is, beings who have a created and permanent existence, then general providence or general law is the result of the relation in which they stand to each other. But, in addition to this, unless we discover God altogether from His creation, there must be a special care exercised by Him, either immediately or, as the Bible gives us to understand, through the ministry of angels. In a word, there must be such a system as the Bible teaches, and man instinctively feels when he kneels down to pray. But, if there is no noumenal world, if all that is but a mere co-existence and succession of phenomena, then to talk of a special providence, or for that matter of a God, in any real sense of the term, is simple folly. What shall we say, then, of men who tell us, 'A noumenal world may or may not exist—we do not choose to argue the point with you,' and who then draw an inference on the supposition that it *does not exist*? We must, however, except Mr. Mill from this condemnation. In his recent 'Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy' he has proved to his own satisfaction the non-existence of a noumenal world. Matter he finds but a permanent possibility of sensation, and mind but a series of feelings.

But if we maintain the character of opposition under this view, we must maintain it in the latter sense. The miracle thus becomes an unexplained break in a chain of phenomena. It is a *lusus nature*. For modern science will admit no noumenal agency—neither the action of God, nor the action of a personal man.

For these reasons we think the character of opposition to nature ought to be discarded. Miracles are put in a better position, when they are presented as a system within human experience: a succession of spiritual phenomena parallel with other experiences. No doubt, even in this light, they will hardly become credible to such a scientific mind, but they will not needlessly repel it. And theology will gain this advantage, that freed from the ban of science, it can speak without impediment to those who are less imbued with the scientific prejudice. Nor if we adopt this view shall we set ourselves in opposition to Bishop Butler. When he opposed miracles to nature, it was in the former not in the latter sense. He would not have excluded the miraculous from the domain of experience. Possibly he might not with us have put the experience of the Divine life in the same category with the great miracles; but the reader must judge whether in doing so we have reason on our side.^{*}

We have occupied so much space with the *rationale* of the miracle that we have little left for other matters; but we cannot pass over Mr. Mozley's admirable argument as against the objections of science. In entering, however, upon the consideration of it, we must relinquish the point of view for which we have been contending, and regard the miracle as an exceptional event. We must also pass over from the philosophical stand-point, which we have hitherto occupied, to the extreme position of the sense-philosophy. On the ground which we occupy, in dealing with this argument, we are not entitled to speak of a personal relation as subsisting between man and God, for the world of the sense-philosophy is not a world of persons and things, but of

^{*} I find no appearance of a presumption from the analogy of a nature against the general scheme of Christianity that God created and invisibly governs the world by Jesus Christ: and by Him also will hereafter judge it in righteousness, *i.e.* render to every one according to his works, and that good men are under the influence of His Spirit. *Whether these things are or are not to be called miraculous is, perhaps, only a question about words.* (*Analogy*, part II. chap. 2.) We do not contend for the word, but for the thing—the identity of our spiritual life with the phenomena manifested in Christ and His Apostles.

phenomenal succession. Looking, then, at miracles as exceptional acts, and at the world, in this point of view, what is the nature of the scientific argument brought against them? It may be stated thus: the world being made up of a chain of orderly succession, what you mean by a miracle is an interruption or variation of that order. But an immense accumulation of experience has proved the fact that the chain of succession is never broken or varied. And besides, invariability, as a principle, is so firmly fixed in the mind of every scientific inquirer, that he cannot even conceive the possibility of its failure. Or, to apply the argument to a particular case: You tell me of one or two dead men who have risen. I cannot believe it. An immense accumulation of experience has convinced me that such is not the order of succession in the case of dead men. Dead men continue dead: they do not rise again to life; and so firmly am I convinced that this law is verified in every instance, that I cannot even conceive the possibility of its failure.

The only effectual way of meeting this argument would be on philosophical ground. We might, for instance, reply in this way: Your philosophy is all wrong. As a matter of fact, the world is not made up of co-existences and sequences. Matter is not, as Mr. Mill would persuade us, a permanent possibility of sensation, nor mind a series of feelings. There are in nature true causes and substances; and man is a being possessed of a personal existence. As soon as we allow this view of the world, the above argument falls to pieces. For events are not arranged on the principle of antecedents and consequents, but are dependent on the noumenal world of which they are the phenomena. Constancy of succession, therefore, is not an *absolute law*, as is postulated in the above argument. The succession is only constant, so long as the noumenal relations remain the same. But in the case of a miracle these are altered; just as in the world of nature phenomena are continually varied by bringing new agents into play. In the case, for instance, of the resurrections spoken of, we know, on good grounds, that a power was present which produced the effect.

This, however, is not the way in which Mr. Mozley has met the argument. He has fought the sense-philosophy on its own ground. This, if we mistake not, is something quite new. Hitherto the argument has been as against two rival philosophies. It had been taken for granted, that if we accept the empirical premises, we must ac-

cept the conclusion. Mr. Mozley has shown that we are under no such necessity. He has discovered a flaw in the reasoning. Accepting as he does the premises, he shows that the conclusion is by no means warranted; for more is collected in the latter than is at hand in the former.

In proceeding to his argument, Mr. Mozley first of all makes sure of what, on empirical premises, we mean by the order of nature. If the order of nature is defined to be the order in which physical events succeed each other, the definition will be true enough. But it will not bring out the point which occasions all the difficulty, and which especially needs to be elucidated. There can be no question about the order of past events: that every one allows to be fixed and invariable; and, so far as we can see, not even the fiat of Almighty God could change it. It is about the future as connected with the past that the whole difficulty arises. Our belief is that the future will resemble the past; that events which are at present hidden in the unknown future will succeed each other in the same order as they have hitherto done. Bodies have tended towards the earth; they will continue to do so. The sun has hitherto risen and set; he will rise and set. Men have been born, have lived, and died; such will be their fate hereafter. As a matter of fact, such is the belief of every man, and the instinctive faith of the brute creation. As a matter of fact, therefore, it must be accepted and dealt with by philosophy. We are not inquiring how the philosophy which we receive would deal with it; we are following Mr. Mozley in his explanation of it on the principles of empiricism. But before proceeding, let us mark the exact bearing of the point as now stated on miracles. It is on the *strength of this faith* that miracles or variations in the order of succession are excluded. From our conviction that nature will go on as hitherto, it is argued that as a matter of fact it will do so; and retrospectively that it has done so. And thus all miracles, past and future (if we regard them as exceptional events): even the slightest variation from the worn grooves is excluded.

It is obvious that this conclusion is dependent on the mental character of this conviction. It is a trite remark — and the opponents of miracles would be the first to recognise it — that the mere fact of human belief does not in itself imply truth in fact, for many beliefs are fallacious. It depends on the mental character of our belief, it depends on whether it has any ground in

reason or necessity, whether we can safely infer from it actuality.

Have we, then, any ground in reason for this our faith? If we proceed on the premises of empiricism, it must be confessed we have not. Mr. Mozley has analyzed and exposed every apparent argument which would seem to give a rational ground for our faith in the uniformity of phenomenal succession. If a man is asked why he believes the future will resemble the past, probably his first impulse would be to say, 'Why, it is self-evident.' But it is not. 'We mean by self-evident, that of which the opposite is self-contradictory: but though the fact that the sun rose to-day would be contradicted by the fact that it did not rise to-day, it is in no way contradicted by the fact that it will not rise to-morrow.' In like manner every other reason that we may be inclined to bring forward will be found, on examination, to be no reason at all, but simply a statement of the fact in other words. It may be said, for instance, that the repetition of a fact for a length of time shows that there is a permanent cause at work. Here we should say to the empiricist, 'The idea of a permanent cause at all is subversive of your premises: it belongs to a different kind of philosophy.' Hence Mr. Mozley is quite correct when he argues, 'The effects which have taken place show a cause at work only to the extent of those effects, not at all further. Why, then, do we expect with such certainty the future continuance of them? We can only say, because *we believe* the future will be like the past. We have professed, then, to give a reason why we believe this, and we have only at last stated the fact that we do.'

In like manner, Mr. Mozley disposes of other apparent arguments which might be brought from the same point of view. The following summary is a fine specimen of the keen eloquence which so often breaks from his pen:—

'What ground of reason, then, can we assign for our expectation that any part of the course of nature will the next moment be like what it has been up to this moment, *i.e.* for our belief in the uniformity of nature? None. No demonstrative reason can be given, for the contrary to the recurrence of a fact of nature is no contradiction. No probable reason can be given, for all probable reasoning respecting the course of nature is founded upon this presumption of likeness, and therefore cannot be the foundation of it. No reason can be given for this belief. It is without a reason. It rests upon no rational ground, and can be traced to no rational principle. Everything connected with human life de-

pends upon this belief, every practical plan or purpose that we form implies it, every provision that we make for the future, every safeguard and caution we employ against it, all calculation and adjustment of means to ends, supposes this belief; it is this principle alone which renders our experience of the slightest use to us, and without it there would be, so far as we are concerned, no order of nature and no laws of nature; and yet this belief has no more producible reason for it than a speculation of fancy. A natural fact has been repeated; it will be repeated:—I am conscious of utter darkness when I try to see why one of these follows from the other; I not only see no reason, but I perceive that I see none, though I can no more help the expectation than I can stop the circulation of my blood. There is a premise, and there is a conclusion: but there is a total want of connection between the two. The inference, then, from the one of these to the other, rests upon no ground of the understanding; by no search or analysis, however suitable or minute, can we extract from any corner of the human mind and intelligence, however remote, the very faintest reason for it.'

— P. 39.

Mr. Mozley next shows that what is called the inductive principle is of the same character. It consists of two parts: first, the search for the antecedent; and, secondly, the inference which is 'exactly the same instinct which converts ordinary and common experience into law, *viz.* that habit by which we always extend any existing recurrent fact of nature into the future.'

With regard to the exact nature of this expectation of likeness, Mr. Mozley does not commit himself. It may be simply a practical instinct, analogous to the instinct of brutes; or it may arise in us from custom or association. It is enough, he thinks, if we understand that it is irrational, *i.e.* has no ground in reason. He quotes with approbation the famous view of Hume, and then applies the result to the question of miracles:—

'And now the belief in the order of nature being thus, however powerful and useful, an unintelligent impulse of which we can give no rational account, in what way does this discovery affect the question of miracles? In this way, that this belief, not having itself its foundation in reason, the ground is gone upon which it could be maintained, that miracles, as opposed to the order of nature, were opposed to reason. There being no producible reason why a new event should be like the hitherto course of nature, no decision of reason is contradicted by its unlikeliness. A miracle, in being opposed to our experience, is not only not opposed to necessary reasoning, but to any reasoning. Do I see, by a certain perception, the connexion between these two? It has happened so; it will hap-

pen so; then may I reject a new reported fact which has not happened so as an impossibility. But if I do not see the connection between these two by a certain perception, or by any perception, I cannot.' — P. 48.

And again :—

'When, then, there is nothing on the side of reason opposed to the expectation of likeness, as is the case commonly, we follow it absolutely. But supposing there should arise a call of reason to us to believe what is opposite to it; supposing there is the evidence of testimony, which is an appeal to our proper reason, that an event has taken place which is opposed to this impression—it is evident then that our reason must prevail in the encounter, i.e. that if there is on one side positive evidence, the antecedent counter-expectation must give way.' — P. 57.

Such is Mr. Mozley's famous argument; * and, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, we believe it to be unanswerable. He has shattered for ever the pretentious reasoning from the 'constancy of natural causes.' Those who indulge in this argumentation are the very persons who have loosened the connection between cause and effect. The order of nature in their hands has become, in Mr. Mozley's expressive phrase, but 'a rope of sand, consisting of antecedents and consequents, but without a rational link or trace of necessary connection between them.' Under this point of view, then, what reason can be assigned against the miracle? There is none. The resurrection of Christ is as credible as is His death.

But if we examine Mr. Mozley's argument in the light of its positive value, as tending to further our belief in the supernatural, our estimate of it alters. The argument is only valid on empirical principles:

* It is to be observed that this argument only meets Positivism, or the English sense-philosophy. It does not meet the objection to miracles grounded on Pantheistic systems.

but if the miracle is only gained at the price of adopting these, of what use is it to us? Simply none at all. If we dis sever the connection between cause and effect, we de-nude the miracle of all meaning. A miracle has only meaning on the supposition of noumenal agency or real causation. It is on this supposition alone that we can draw the inference of a supernatural cause. If there is no real causation—if the events of the world succeed each other disconnectedly, like the images of a kaleidoscope, what does it matter whether they are similar or dissimilar, miraculous or ordinary? We can in neither case advance a single step beyond the fact that they are. In fact, Mr. Mozley has only developed in one direction the inherent scepticism of the empirical philosophy. Hume developed it in other directions, to the utter subversion of human knowledge.

And this illustrates the truth of a remark which we made before, that the real point at issue in the present controversy is not scientific but philosophical. Our faith in the supernatural is dependent on the view which we take of the world as a whole. As Mr. Mozley has remarked (p. 56), the idea of real causation in nature is not opposed to the supernatural: but (and it is our own remark) the idea of antecedents and consequents is. It is not indeed opposed, as Mr. Mozley has shown, to the unlike fact; but it is opposed to the miracle as the work of God. But if it is opposed to the agency of God, it is equally opposed to the agency of man: its logical result being, as developed by Mr. Mill the reduction of the human personality to 'a series of feelings.' Here then is a ready method for solving any doubts a man may have in regard to miracles. If he can see his way to the belief that he is something more than a 'series of feelings;' if he can convince himself that he is a living person the cause of his own actions, he has no longer any reason to doubt the miraculous scheme of Christianity.

MR. JOHN STEUART MILL is now engaged, at Avignon, in editing the collected works of the late Mr. Buckle, the author of the "History of Civilization."

A POSTHUMOUS work of Edgar Allan Poe has recently been discovered, and will soon be published in New York.

PART V. — CHAPTER X.

SOME days passed on after the visit to the jeweller's shop, — perhaps ten or twelve, — before Nina heard from or saw her lover again; and during that time she had no tidings from her relatives in the Windebergasse. Life went on very quietly in the old house, and not the less quietly because the proceeds of the necklace saved Nina from any further immediate necessity of searching for money. The cold weather had come, or rather weather that was cold in the morning and cold in the evening, and old Balatka kept his bed altogether. His state was such that no one could say why he should not get up and dress himself, and he himself continued to speak of some future time when he would do so; but there he was, lying in his bed, and Nina told herself that in all probability she would never see him about the house again. For herself, she was becoming painfully anxious that some day should be fixed for her marriage. She knew that she was, herself, ignorant in such matters; and she knew also that there was no woman near her from whom she could seek counsel. Were she to go to some matron of the neighbourhood, her neighbour would only rebuke her, because she loved a Jew. She had boldly told her relatives of her love, and by doing so had shut herself out from all assistance from them. From even her father she could get no sympathy; though with him her engagement had become so far a thing sanctioned, that he had ceased to speak of it in words of reproach. But when was it to be? She had more than once made up her mind that she would ask her lover, but her courage had never as yet mounted high enough in his presence to allow her to do so. When he was with her, their conversation always took such a turn that before she left him she was happy enough if she could only draw from him an assurance that he was not forgetting to love her. Of any final time for her marriage he never said a word. In the meantime she and her father might starve! They could not live on the price of a necklace for ever. She had not made up her mind — she never could make up her mind — as to what might be best for her father when she should be married; but she had made up her mind that when that happy time should come, she would simply obey her husband. He would tell her what would be best for her father. But in the mean time there was no word of her marriage; and now she had been ten days in the Kleinseite without once having had so much as a message from

her lover. How was it possible that she should continue to live in such a condition as this?

She was sitting one morning very forlorn in the big parlour, looking out upon the birds who were pecking among the dust in the courtyard below, when her eye just caught the drapery of the dress of some woman who had entered the arched gateway. Nina, from her place by the window, could see out through the arch, and no one therefore could come through their gate while she was at her seat without passing under her eye; but on this occasion the birds had distracted her attention, and she had not caught a sight of the woman's face or figure. Could it be her aunt come to torture her again — her and her father? She knew that Souchey was down stairs, hanging somewhere in idleness about the door, and therefore she did not leave her place. If it were indeed her aunt, her aunt might come up there to seek her. Or it might possibly be Lotta Luxa, who, next to her aunt, was of all women the most disagreeable to Nina. Lotta, indeed, was not so hard to bear as aunt Sophie, because Lotta could be answered sharply, and could be told to go, if matters proceeded to extremities. In such a case Lotta no doubt would not go; but still the power of desiring her to do so was much. Then Nina remembered that Lotta never wore her petticoats so full as was the morsel of drapery which she had seen. And as she thought of this there came a low knock at the door. Nina, without rising, desired the stranger to come in. Then the door was gently opened, and Rebecca Loth the Jewess stood before her. Nina had seen Rebecca, but had never spoken to her. Each girl had heard much of the other from their younger friend Ruth Jacobi. Ruth was very intimate with them both, and Nina had been willing enough to be told of Rebecca, as had Rebecca also to be told of Nina. "Grandfather wants Anton to marry Rebecca," Ruth had said more than once; and thus Nina knew well that Rebecca was her rival. "I think he loves her better than his own eyes," Ruth had said to Rebecca, speaking of her uncle and Nina. But Rebecca had heard from a thousand sources of information that he who was to have been her lover had forgotten his own people and his own religion, and had given himself to a Christian girl. Each, therefore, now knew that she looked upon an enemy and a rival; but each was anxious to be very courteous to her enemy.

Nina rose from her chair directly she saw her visitor, and came forward to meet her.

"I suppose you hardly know who I am, Fräulein," said Rebecca.

"Oh, yes," said Nina, with her pleasantest smile; "you are Rebecca Loth."

"Yes, I am Rebecca Loth, the Jewess."

"I like the Jews," said Nina.

Rebecca was not dressed now as she had been dressed on that gala occasion when we saw her in the Jews' quarter. Then she had been as smart as white muslin and bright ribbons and velvet could make her. Now she was clad almost entirely in black, and over her shoulders she wore a dark shawl, drawn closely round her neck. But she had on her head, now as then, that peculiar Hungarian hat which looks almost like a coronet in front, and gives an aspect to the girl who wears it half defiant and half attractive; and there were there of coarse the long, glossy, black curls, and the dark blue eyes, and the turn of the face, which was so completely Jewish in its hard, bold, almost repellant beauty. Nina had said that she liked the Jews, but when the words were spoken she remembered that they might be open to misconception, and she blushed. The same idea occurred to Rebecca, but she scorned to take advantage of even a successful rival on such a point as that. She would not twit Nina by any hint that this assumed liking for the Jews was simply a special predilection for one Jew in particular. "We are not ungrateful to you for coming among us and knowing us," said Rebecca. Then there was a slight pause, for Nina hardly knew what to say to her visitor. But Rebecca continued to speak. "We hear that in other countries the prejudice against us is dying away, and that Christians stay with Jews in their houses, and Jews with Christians, eating with them and drinking with them. I fear it will never be so in Prague."

"And why not in Prague? I hope it may. Why should we not do in Prague as they do elsewhere?"

"Ah, the feeling is too firmly settled here. We have our own quarter, and live altogether apart. A Christian here will hardly walk with a Jew, unless it be from counter to counter, or from bank to bank. As for their living together—or even eating in the same room—do you ever see it?"

Nina of course understood the meaning of this. That which the girl said to her was intended to prove to her how impossible it was that she should marry a Jew, and live in Prague with a Jew as his wife; but she, who had stood her ground before aunt Sophie, who had never flinched for a moment before all the threats which could be show-

ered upon her from the Christian side, was not going to quail before the opposition of a Jewess, and that Jewess a rival!

"I do not know why we should not live to see it," said Nina.

"It must take long first—very long," said Rebecca. "Even now, Fräulein, I fear you will think that I am very intrusive in coming to you. I know that a Jewess has no right to push her acquaintance upon a Christian girl." The Jewess spoke very humbly of herself and of her people; but in every word she uttered there was a slight touch of irony which was not lost upon Nina. Nina could not but bethink herself that she was poor—so poor that everything around her, on her, and about her, told of poverty; while Rebecca was very rich, and showed her wealth even in the sombre garments which she had chosen for her morning visit. No idea of Nina's poverty had crossed Rebecca's mind, but Nina herself could not but remember it when she felt the sarcasm implied in her visitor's self-humiliation.

"I am glad that you have come to me,—very glad indeed, if you have come in friendship." Then she blushed as she continued; "to me, situated as I am, the friendship of a Jewish maiden would be a treasure indeed."

"You intend to speak of"—

"I speak of my engagement with Anton Trendellohn. I do so with you because I know that you have heard of it. You tell me that Jews and Christians cannot come together in Prague, but I mean to marry a Jew. A Jew is my lover. If you will say that you will be my friend, I will love you indeed. Ruth Jacobi is my friend; but then Ruth is so young."

"Yes, Ruth is very young. She is a child. She knows nothing."

"A child's friendship is better than none."

"Ruth is very young. She cannot understand. I too love Ruth Jacobi. I have known her since she was born. I knew and loved her mother. You do not remember Ruth Trendellohn. No; your acquaintance with them is only of the other day."

"Ruth's mother has been dead seven years," said Nina.

"And what are seven years? I have known them for four-and-twenty."

"Nay; that cannot be."

"But I have. That is my age, and I was born, so to say, in their arms. Ruth Trendellohn was ten years older than I—only ten."

"And Anton?"

"Anton was a year older than his sister;

but you know Anton's age. Has he never told you his age?"

"I never asked him; but I know it. There are things one knows as a matter of course. I remember his birthday always."

"It has been a short always."

"No, not so short. Two years is not a short time to know a friend."

"But he has not been betrothed to you for two years?"

"No; not betrothed to me."

"Nor has he loved you so long; nor you him?"

"For him, I can only speak of the time when he first told me so."

"And that was but the other day — but the other day as I count the time." To this Nina made no answer. She could not claim to have known her lover from so early a date as Rebecca Loth had done, who had been, as she said, born in the arms of his family. But what of that? Men do not always love best those woman whom they have known the longest. Anton Trendellsohn had known her long enough to find that he loved her best. Why then should this Jewish girl come to her and throw in her teeth the shortness of her intimacy with the man who was to be her husband? If she, Nina, had also been a Jewess, Rebecca Loth would not then have spoken in such a way. As she thought of this she turned her face away from the stranger, and looked out among the sparrows who were still pecking among the dust in the court. She had told Rebecca at the beginning of their interview that she would be delighted to find a friend in a Jewess, but now she felt sorry that the girl had come to her. For Anton's sake she would bear with much from one whom he had known so long. But for that thought she would have answered her visitor with short courtesy. As it was, she sat silent and looked out upon the birds.

"I have come to you now," said Rebecca Loth, "to say a few words to you about Anton Trendellsohn. I hope you will not refuse to listen."

"That will depend on what you say."

"Do you think it will be for his good to marry a Christian?"

"I shall leave him to judge of that," replied Nina, sharply.

"It cannot be that you do not think of it. I am sure you would not willingly do an injury to the man you love."

"I would die for him if that would serve him."

"You can serve him without dying. If he takes you for his wife, all his people will

turn against him. His own father will become his enemy."

"How can that be? His father knows of it, and yet he is not my enemy."

"It is as I tell you. His father will disinherit him. Every Jew in Prague will turn his back upon him. He knows it now. Anton knows it himself, but he cannot be the first to say the word that shall put an end to your engagement."

"Jews have married Christians in Prague before now," said Nina, pleading her own cause with all the strength she had.

"But not such a one as Anton Trendellsohn. An unconsidered man may do that which is not permitted to those who are more in note."

"There is no law against it now."

"That is true. There is no law. But there are habits stronger than law. In your own case, do you not know that all the friends you have in the world will turn their backs upon you? And so it would be with him. You two would be alone — neither as Jews nor as Christians — with none to aid you, with no friend to love you."

"For myself I care nothing," said Nina. "They may say, if they like, that I am no Christian."

"But how will it be with him? Can you ever be happy if you have been the cause of ruin to your husband?"

Nina was again silent for a while, sitting with her face turned altogether away from the Jewess. Then she rose suddenly from her chair, and, facing round almost fiercely upon the other girl, asked a question, which came from the fulness of her heart, "And you — you yourself, what is it that you intend to do? Do you wish to marry him?"

"I do," said Rebecca, bearing Nina's gaze without dropping her own eyes for a moment. "I do. I do wish to be the wife of Anton Trendellsohn."

"Then you shall never have your wish — never. He loves me, and me only. Ask him, and he will tell you so."

"I have asked him, and he has told me so." There was something so serious, so sad, and so determined in the manner of the young Jewess, that it almost cowed Nina — almost drove her to yield before her visitor. "If he has told you so," she said —; then she stopped, not wishing to triumph over her rival.

"He has told me so; but I knew it without his telling. We all know it. I have not come here to deceive you, or to create false suspicions. He does love you. He cares nothing for me, and he does love you. But is he therefore to be ruined? Which had

he better lose? All that he has in the world, or the girl that has taken his fancy?"

"I would sooner lose the world twice over than lose him."

"Yes; but you are only a woman. Think of his position. There is not a Jew in all Prague respected among us as he is respected. He knows more, can do more, has more of wit and cleverness, than any of us. We look to him to win for the Jews in Prague something of the freedom which Jews have elsewhere, — in Paris and in London. If he takes a Christian for his wife, all this will be destroyed."

"But all will be well if he were to marry you!"

Now it was Rebecca's turn to pause; but it was not for long. "I love him dearly," she said; "with a love as warm as yours."

"And therefore I am to be untrue to him," said Nina, again seating herself.

"And were I to become his wife," continued Rebecca, not regarding the interruption, "it would be well with him in a worldly point of view. All our people would be glad, because there has been friendship between the families from of old. His father would be pleased, and he would become rich; and I also am not without some wealth of my own."

"While I am poor," said Nina; "so poor that, — look here, I can only mend my rags. There, look at my shoes. I have not another pair to my feet. But if he likes me, poor and ragged, better than he likes you, rich" — She got so far, raising her voice as she spoke; but she could get no farther, for her sobs stopped her voice.

But while she was struggling to speak, the other girl rose and knelt at Nina's feet, putting her long tapering fingers upon Nina's threadbare arms, so that her forehead was almost close to Nina's lips. "He does," said Rebecca. "It is true — quite true. He loves you, poor as you are, ten times — a hundred times — better than he loves me, who am not poor. You have won it altogether by yourself, with nothing of outside art to back you. You have your triumph. Will not that be enough for a life's contentment?"

"No; — no, no," said Nina. "No, it will not be enough." But her voice now was not altogether sorrowful. There was in it something of a wild joy which had come to her heart from the generous admission which the Jewess made. She did triumph as she remembered that she had conquered with no other weapons than those which nature had given her.

"It is more of contentment than I shall ever have," said Rebecca. "Listen to me.

If you will say to me that you will release him from his promise, I will swear to you, by the God whom we both worship, that I will never become his wife — that he shall never touch me or speak to me in love." She had risen before she made this proposal, and now stood before Nina with one hand raised, with her blue eyes fixed upon Nina's face, and a solemnity in her manner which for a while startled Nina into silence. "You will believe my word, I am sure," said Rebecca.

"Yes, I would believe you," said Nina.

"Shall it be a bargain between us? Say so, and whatever is mine shall be mine and yours too. Though a Jew may not make a Christian his wife, a Jewish girl may love a Christian maiden; — and then, Nina, we shall both know that we have done our very best for him whom we both love better than all the world beside."

Nina was again silent, considering the proposition that had been made to her. There was one thing that she did not see; one point of view in which the matter had not been presented to her. The cause for her sacrifice had been made plain to her, but why was the sacrifice of the other also to become necessary? By not yielding she might be able to keep her lover to herself; but if she were to be induced to abandon him — for his sake, so that he might not be ruined by his love for her — why, in that case, should he not take the other girl for his wife? In such a case Nina told herself that there would be no world left for her. There would be nothing left for her beyond the accomplishment of *Lotta Luxa's* prophecy. But yet, though she thought of this, though in her misery she half resolved that she would give up Anton, and not exact from Rebecca the oath which the Jewess had tendered, still, in spite of that feeling, the dread of a rival's success helped to make her feel that she could never bring herself to yield.

"Shall it be as I say?" said Rebecca; "and shall we, dear, be friends while we live?"

"No," said Nina, suddenly.

"You cannot bring yourself to do so much for the man you love?"

"No, I cannot. Could you throw yourself from the bridge into the Moldau, and drown yourself?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, "I could. If it would serve him, I think that I could do so."

"What! in the dark, when it is so cold? The people would see you in the day-time."

"But I would live, that I might hear of his doing, and see his success."

"Ah! I could not live without feeling that he loved me."

"But what will you think of his love when it has ruined him? Will it be pleasant then? Were I to do that, then — then I should bethink myself of the cold river and the dark night, and the eyes of the passers-by whom I should be afraid to meet in the day-time. I ask you to be as I am. Who is there that pities me? Think again, Nina. I know you would wish that he should be prosperous."

Nina did think again, and thought long. And she wept, and the Jewess comforted her, and many words were said between them beyond those which have been here set down; but, in the end, Nina could not bring herself to say that she would give him up. For his sake had she not given up her uncle and her aunt, and St. John and St. Nicholas — and the very Virgin herself, whose picture she had now removed from the wall beside her bed to a dark drawer? How could she give up that which was everything she had in the world — the very life of her bosom? "I will ask him — him — himself," she said at last, hoarsely. "I will ask him, and do as he bids me. I cannot do anything unless it is as he bids me."

"In this matter you must act on your own judgment, Nina."

"No, I will not. I have no judgment. He must judge for me in everything. If he says it is better that we should part, then — then — then I will let him go."

After this Rebecca left the room and the house. Before she went, she kissed the Christian girl; but Nina did not remember that she had been kissed. Her mind was so full, not of thought, but of the suggestion that had been made to her, that it could now take no impression from anything else. She had been recommended to do a thing as her duty — as a paramount duty towards him who was everything to her — the doing of which it would be impossible that she should survive. So she told herself when she was once more alone, and had again seated herself in the chair by the window. She did not for a moment accuse Rebecca of dealing unfairly with her. It never occurred to her as possible that the Jewess had come to her with false views of her own fabrication. Had she so believed, her suspicions would have done great injustice to her rival; but no such idea presented itself to Nina's mind. All that Rebecca had said to her had come to her as though it were gospel. She did believe that Trendellshon, as a Jew, would injure himself greatly by marrying a Christian. She did believe that

the Jews of Prague would treat him somewhat as the Christians would treat herself. For herself such treatment would be nothing, if she were but once married; but she could understand that to him it would be ruinous. And Nina believed also that Rebecca had been entirely disinterested in her mission — that she came thither, not to gain a lover for herself, but to save from injury the man she loved, without reference to her own passion. Nina knew that Rebecca was strong and good, and acknowledged also that she herself was weak and selfish. She thought that she ought to have been persuaded to make the sacrifice, and once or twice she almost resolved that she would follow Rebecca to the Jews' quarter and tell her that it should be made. But she could not do it. Were she to do so, what would be left to her? With him she could bear anything, everything. To starve would hardly be bitter to her, so that his arm could be round her waist and that her head could be on his shoulder. And, moreover, was she not his to do with as he pleased? After all her promises to him, how could she take upon herself to dispose of herself otherwise than as he might direct?

But then some thought of the missing document came back upon her, and she remembered in her grief that he suspected her — that even now he had some frightful doubt as to her truth to him — her faith, which was, alas, alas! more firm and bright towards him than towards that heavenly Friend whose aid would certainly suffice to bring her through all her troubles, if only she could bring herself to trust as she asked it. But she could trust only in him, and he doubted her! Would it not be better to do as Rebecca said, and make the most of such contentment as might come to her from her triumph over herself? That would be better — ten times better than to be abandoned by him — to be deserted by her Jew lover, because the Jew would not trust her a Christian! On either side there could be nothing for her but death; but there is a choice even of deaths. If she did the thing herself, she thought that there might be something sweet even in the sadness of her last hour — something of the flavour of sacrifice. But should it be done by him, in that way there lay nothing but the madness of desolation! It was her last resolve, as she still sat at the window counting the sparrows in the yard, that she would tell him everything, and leave it to him to decide. If he would say that it was better for them to part, then he might go; and Rebecca

Loth might become his wife, if he so wished it.

CHAPTER XI.

ON one of these days old Trendellshon went to the office of Karil Zamenoy, in the Ross Markt, with the full determination of learning in truth what there might be to be learned as to that deed which would be so necessary to him, or to those who would come after him, when Josef Balatka might die. He accused himself of having been foolishly soft-hearted in his transactions with this Christian, and reminded himself from time to time that no Jew in Prague would have been so treated by any Christian. And what was the return made to him? Among them they had now secreted that of which he should have enforced the rendering before he had parted with his own money; and this they did because they knew that he would be unwilling to take harsh legal proceedings against a bed-ridden old man! In this frame of mind he went to the Ross Markt, and there he was assured over and over again by Ziska Zamenoy — for Karil Zamenoy was not to be seen — that Nina Balatka had the deed in her own keeping. The name of Nina Balatka was becoming very grievous to the old man. Even he, when the matter had first been broached to him, had not recognized all the evils which would come from a marriage between his son and a Christian maiden; but of late his neighbours had been around him, and he had looked into the thing, and his eyes had been opened, and he had declared to himself that he would not take a Christian girl into his house as his daughter-in-law. He could not prevent the marriage. The law would be on his son's side. The law of the Christian kingdom in which he lived allowed such marriages, and Anton, if he executed the contract which would make the marriage valid, would in truth be the girl's husband. But — and Trendellshon, as he remembered the power which was still in his hands, almost regretted that he held it — if this thing were done, his son must go out from his house, and be his son no longer.

The old man was very proud of his son. Rebecca had said truly that no Jew in Prague was so respected among Jews as Anton Trendellshon. She might have added, also, that none was more highly esteemed among Christians. To lose such a son would be a loss indeed. "I will share everything with him, and he shall go away

out of Bohemia," Trendellshon had said to himself. "He has earned it, and he shall have it. He has worked for me — for us both — without asking me, his father, to bind myself with any bond. He shall have the wealth which is his own, but he shall not have it here. Ah! if he would but take that other one as his bride, he should have everything, and his father's blessing — and then he would be the first instead of the last among his people." Such was the purpose of Stephen Trendellshon towards his son; but this, his real purpose, did not hinder him from threatening worse things. To prevent the marriage was his great object; and if threats would prevent it, why should he not use them?

But now he had conceived the idea that Nina was deceiving his son — that Nina was in truth holding back the deed with some view which he could hardly fathom. Ziska Zamenoy had declared, with all the emphasis in his power, that the document was to the best of his belief in Nina's hands; and, though Ziska's emphasis would not have gone far in convincing the Jew, had the Jew's mind been turned in the other direction, now it had its effect. "And who gave it her?" Trendellshon had asked. "Ah, there you must excuse me," Ziska had answered; "though, indeed, I could not tell you if I would. But we have nothing to do with the matter. We have no claim upon the houses. It is between you and the Balatkas." Then the Jew had left the Zamenoy's office, and had gone home, fully believing that the deed was in Nina's hands.

"Yes, it is so — she is deceiving you," he said to his son that evening.

"No, father. I think not."

"Very well. You will find when it is too late that my words are true. Have you ever known a Christian who thought it wrong to rob a Jew?"

"I do not believe that Nina would rob me."

"Ah! that is the confidence of what you call love. She is honest, you think, because she has a pretty face."

"She is honest, I think, because she loves me."

"Bah! Does love make men honest, or women either? Do we not see every day how these Christians rob each other in their money dealings when they are marrying? What was the girl's name? — old Thibolski's daughter — how they robbed her when they married her, and how her people tried their best to rob the lad she married. Did we not see it all?"

"It was not the girl who did it—not the girl herself."

"Why should a woman be honest than a man? I tell you, Anton, that this girl has the deed."

"Ziska Zamenoy has told you so?"

"Yes, he has told me. But I am not a man to be deceived because such a one as Ziska wishes to deceive me. You, at least, know me better than that. That which I tell you, Ziska himself believes."

"But Ziska may believe wrongly."

"Why should he do so? Whose interest can it be to make this thing seem so, if it be not so? If the girl have the deed, you can get it more readily from her than from the Zamenoy. Believe me, Anton, the deed is with the girl."

"If it be so, I shall never believe again in the truth of a human being," said the son.

"Believe in the truth of your own people," said the father. "Why should you seek to be wiser than them all?"

The father did not convince the son, but the words which he had spoken helped to create a doubt which already had almost an existence of its own. Anton Trendelsohn was prone to suspicions, and now was beginning to suspect Nina, although he strove hard to keep his mind free from such taint. His better nature told him that it was impossible that she should deceive him. He had read the very inside of her heart, and knew that her own delight was in his love. He understood perfectly the weakness and faith and beauty of her feminine nature, and her trusting, leaning softness was to his harder spirit as water to a thirsting man in the desert.

When she clung to him, promising to obey him in everything, the touch of her hands, and the sound of her voice, and the beseeching glance of her loving eyes, were food and drink to him. He knew that her presence refreshed him and cooled him—made him young as he was growing old, and filled his mind with sweet thoughts which hardly came to him but when she was with him. He had told himself over and over again that it must be good for him to have such a one for his wife, whether she were Jew or Christian. He knew himself to be a better man when she was with him than at other moments of his life. And then he loved her. He was thinking of her hourly, though his impatience to see her was not as hers to be with him. He loved her. But yet—yet—what if she should be deceiving him? To be able to deceive others but never to be deceived himself, was to

him, unconsciously, the glory which he desired. To be deceived was to be disgraced. What was all his wit and acknowledged cunning if a girl—a Christian girl—could outwit him? For himself, he could see clearly enough into things to be aware that, as a rule, he could do better by truth than he could by falsehood. He was not prone to deceive others. But in such matters he desired ever to have the power with him—to keep, as it were, the upper hand. He would fain read the hearts of others entirely, and know their wishes, and understand their schemes, whereas his own heart and his own desires and his own schemes should only be legible in part. What if, after all, he were unable to read the simple tablets of this girl's mind—tablets which he had regarded as being altogether in his own keeping?

He went forth for a while, walking slowly through the streets, as he thought of this, wandering without an object, but turning over in his mind his father's words. He knew that his father was anxious to prevent his marriage. He knew that every Jew around him—for now the Jews around him had all heard of it—was keenly anxious to prevent so great a disgrace. He knew all that his father had threatened, and he was well aware how complete was his father's power. But he could stand against all that, if only Nina were true to him. He would go away from Prague. What did it matter? Prague was not all the world. There were cities better, nobler, richer than Prague, in which his brethren, the Jews, would not turn their backs upon him because he had married a Christian. It might be that he would have to begin the world again; but for that, too, he would be prepared. Nina had shown that she could bear poverty. Nina's torn boots and threadbare dress, and the utter absence of any request ever made with regard to her own comfort, had not been lost upon him. He knew how noble she was in bearing—how doubly noble she was in never asking. If only there was nothing of deceit at the back to mar it all!

He passed over the bridge, hardly knowing whither he was going, and turned directly down towards Balatka's house. As he did so he observed that certain repairs were needed in an adjoining building which belonged to his father, and determined that a mason should be sent there on the next day. Then he turned in under the archway, not passing through it into the court, and there he stood looking up at the window, in which Nina's small solitary

lamp was twinkling. He knew that she was sitting by the light, and that she was working. He knew that she would be raised almost to a seventh heaven of delight if he would only call her to the door and speak to her a dozen words before he returned to his home. But he had no thought of doing it. Was it possible that she should have this document in her keeping? — that was the thought that filled his mind. He had bribed Lotta Luxa, and Lotta had sworn by her Christian gods that the deed was in Nina's hands. If the thing was false, why should they all conspire to tell the same falsehood? And yet he knew that they were false in their natures. Their manner, the words of each of them, betrayed something of falsehood to his well-tuned ear, to his acute eye, to his sharp senses. But with Nina — from Nina herself — everything that came from her spoke of truth. A sweet savour of honesty hung about her breath, and was a blessing to him when he was near enough to her to feel it. And yet he told himself that he was bound to doubt. He stood for some half-hour in the archway, leaning against the stonework at the side, and looking up at the window where Nina was sitting. What was he to do? How should he carry himself in this special period of his life? Great ideas about the destiny of his people were mingled in his mind with suspicions as to Nina of which he should have been, and probably was, ashamed. He would certainly take her away from Prague. He had already perceived that his marriage with a Christian would be regarded in that stronghold of prejudice in which he lived with so much animosity as to impede, and perhaps destroy, the utility of his career. He would go away, taking Nina with him. And he would be careful that she should never know, by a word or a look, that he had in any way suffered for her sake. And he swore to himself that he would be soft to her, and gentle, loving her with a love more demonstrative than he had hitherto exhibited. He knew that he had been stern, exacting, and sometimes harsh. All that should be mended. He had learned her character, and perceived how absolutely she fed upon his love; and he would take care that the food should always be there, palpably there, for her sustenance. But — but he must try her yet once more before all this could be done for her. She must pass yet once again through the fire; and if then she should come forth as gold, she should be to him the one pure ingot which the earth contained. With how great a

love would he not repay her in future days for all that she would have suffered for his sake!

But she must be made to go through the fire again. He would tax her with the possession of the missing deed, and call upon her to cleanse herself from the accusation which was made against her. Once again he would be harsh with her — harsh in appearance only — in order that his subsequent tenderness might be so much more tender! She had already borne much, and she must be made to endure once again. Did not he mean to endure much for her sake? Was he not prepared to recommence the troubles and toil of his life all from the beginning, in order that she might be that life's companion? Surely he had the right to put her through the fire, and prove her as never gold was proved before.

At last the little light was quenched, and Anton Trendellsohn felt that he was alone. The unseen companion of his thoughts was no longer with him, and it was useless for him to remain there standing in the archway. He blew her a kiss from his lips, and blessed her in his heart, and protested to himself that he knew she would come out of the fire pure altogether and proved to be without dross. And then he went his way. In the meantime Nina, chill and wretched, crept to her cold bed, all unconscious of the happiness that had been so near her. "If he thinks I can be false to him, it will be better to die," she said to herself, as she drew the scanty clothing over her shivering shoulders.

As she did so her lover walked home, and having come to a resolution which was intended to be definite as to his love, he allowed his thoughts to run away with him to other subjects. After all, it would be no evil to him to leave Prague. At Prague how little was there of progress either in thought or in things material! At Prague a Jew could earn money, and become rich — might own half the city; and yet at Prague he could only live as an outcast. As regarded the laws of the land, he, as a Jew, might fix his residence anywhere in Prague or around Prague; he might have gardens, and lands, and all the results of money; he might put his wife into a carriage twice as splendid as that which constituted the great social triumph of Madame Zamenox; — but so strong against such a mode of life were the traditional prejudices of both Jews and Christians, that any such fashion of living would be absolutely impossible to him. It would not be good for him that he should remain at Prague. Knowing his father as

he did, he could not believe that the old man would be so unjust as to let him go altogether empty-handed. He had toiled, and had been successful; and something of the corn which he had garnered would surely be rendered to him. With this—or, if need be, without it—he and his Christian wife would go forth and see if the world was not wide enough to find them a spot on which they might live without the contempt of those around them.

Though Nina had quenched her lamp and had gone to bed, it was not late when Trendellsohn reached his home, and he knew that he should find his father waiting for him. But his father was not alone. Rebecca Loth was sitting with the old man, and they had just supped together when Anton entered the room. Ruth Jacobi was also there, waiting till her friend should go, before she also went to her bed.

"How are you, Anton?" said Rebecca, giving her hand to the man she loved. "It is strange to see you in these days."

"The strangeness, Rebecca, comes from no fault of my own. Few men, I fancy, are more constant to their homes than I am."

"You sleep here and eat here, I dare say."

"My business lies mostly out, about the town."

"Have you been about business now, uncle Anton?" said Ruth.

"Do not ask forward questions, Ruth," said the uncle. "Rebecca, I fear, teaches you to forget that you are still a child."

"Do not scold her," said the old man. "She is a good girl."

"It is Anton that forgets that nature is making Ruth a young woman," said Rebecca.

"I do not want to be a young woman a bit before uncle Anton likes it," said Ruth. "I don't mind waiting ever so long for him. When he is married he will not care what I am."

"If that be so, you may be a woman very soon," said Rebecca.

"That is more than you know," said Anton, turning very sharply on her. "What do you know of my marriage, or when it will be?"

"Are you scolding her too?" said the elder Trendellsohn.

"Nay, father; let him do so," said Rebecca. "He has known me long enough to scold me if he thinks that I deserve it. You are gentle to me and spoil me, and it is only well that one among my old friends should be sincere enough to be ungentle."

"I beg your pardon, Rebecca, if I have been uncourteous."

"There can be no pardon where there is no offence."

"If you are ashamed to hear of your marriage," said the father, "you should be ashamed to think of it."

Then there was silence for a few seconds before any one spoke. The girls did not dare to speak after words so serious from the father to the son. It was known to both of them that Anton could hardly bring himself to bear a rebuke even from his father, and they felt that such a rebuke as this, given in their presence, would be altogether unendurable. Every one in the room understood the exact position in which each stood to the other. That Rebecca would willingly have become Anton's wife, that she had refused various offers of marriage in order that ultimately it might be so, was known to Stephen Trendellsohn, and to Anton himself, and to Ruth Jacobi. There had not been the pretence of any secret among them in the matter. But the subject was one which could hardly be discussed by them openly. "Father," said Anton, after a while, during which the black thunder-cloud which had for an instant settled on his brow had managed to dispel itself without bursting into a visible storm—"father, I am neither ashamed to think of my intended marriage nor to speak of it. There is no question of shame. But it is unpleasant to make such a subject matter of general conversation when it is a source of trouble instead of joy among us. I wish I could have made you happy by my marriage."

"You will make me very wretched."

"Then let us not talk about it. It cannot be altered. You would not have me false to my plighted word?"

Again there was silence for some minutes, and then Rebecca spoke,—the words coming from her in the lowest possible accents.

"It can be altered without breach of your plighted word. Ask the young woman what she herself thinks. You will find that she knows that you are both wrong."

"Of course she knows it," said the father. "I will ask her nothing of the kind," said the son.

"It would be of no use," said Ruth.

After this Rebecca rose to take her leave, saying something of the falseness of her brother Samuel, who had promised to come for her and to take her home. "But he is with Miriam Harter," said Rebecca, "and, of course, he will forget me."

"I will go home with you," said Anton.

"Indeed you shall not. Do you think I cannot walk alone through our own streets in the dark without being afraid?"

"I am well aware that you are afraid of nothing; but nevertheless, if you will allow me, I will accompany you." There was no sufficient cause for her to refuse his company, and the two left the house together.

As they descended the stairs, Rebecca determined that she would have the first word in what might now be said between them. She had suggested that this marriage with the Christian girl might be abandoned without the disgrace upon Anton of having broken his troth, and she had thereby laid herself open to a suspicion of having worked for her own ends, — of having done so with unmaidenly eagerness to gratify her own love. Something on the subject must be said — would be said by him if not by her — and therefore she would explain herself at once. She spoke as soon as she found herself by his side in the street. "I regretted what I said up-stairs, Anton, as soon as the words were out of my mouth."

"I do not know that you said anything to regret."

"I told you that if in truth you thought this marriage to be wrong?"

"Which I do not."

"Pardon me, my friend, for a moment. If you had so thought, I said that there was a mode of escape without falsehood or disgrace. In saying so I must have seemed to urge you to break away from Nina Balatka."

"You are all urging me to do that."

"Coming from the others such advice cannot even seem to have an improper motive." Here she paused, feeling the difficulty of her task, — aware that she could not conclude it without an admission which no woman willingly makes. But she shook away the impediment, bracing herself to the work, and went on steadily with her speech. "Coming from me such motive may be imputed — nay, it must be imputed."

"No motive is imputed that is not believed by me to be good and healthy and friendly."

"Our friends," continued Rebecca, "have wished that you and I should be husband and wife. That is now impossible."

"It is impossible, — because Nina will be my wife."

"It is impossible, whether Nina should become your wife or should not become your wife. I do not say this from any girl's pride. Before I knew that you loved a Christian woman, I would willingly have been — as our friends wished. You see I can trust you enough for candour. When

I was young they told me to love you, and I obeyed them. They told me that I was to be your wife, and I taught myself to be happy in believing them. I now know that they were wrong, and I will endeavour to teach myself another happiness."

"Rebecca, if I have been in fault?"

"You have never been in fault. You are by nature too stern to fall into such faults. It has been my misfortune — perhaps rather I should say my difficulty — that till of late you have given me no sign by which I could foresee my lot. I was still young, and I still believed what they told me, — even though you did not come to me as lovers come. Now I know it all; and as any such thoughts — or wishes, if you will — as those I used to have can never return to me, I may perhaps be felt by you to be free to use what liberty of counsel old friendship may give me. I know you will not misunderstand me — and that is all. Do not come further with me."

He called to her, but she was gone, escaping from him with quick running feet through the dark night; and he returned to his father's house, thinking of the girl that had left him.

CHAPTER XII.

AGAIN some days passed by without any meeting between Nina and her lover, and things were going very badly with the Balatkas in the old house. The money that had come from the jeweller was not indeed all expended, but Nina looked upon it as her last resource, till marriage should come to relieve her; and the time of her marriage seemed to be as far from her as ever. So the kreutzers were husbanded as only a woman can husband them, and new attempts were made to reduce the little expenses of the little household.

"Souchev, you had better go. You had indeed," said Nina. "We cannot feed you." Now Souchev had himself spoken of leaving them some days since, urged to do so by his Christian indignation at the abominable betrothal of his mistress. "You said the other day that you would do so, and it will be better."

"But I shall not."

"Then you will be starved."

"I am starved already, and it cannot be worse. I dined yesterday on what they threw out to the dogs in the meat market."

"And where will you dine to-day?"

"Ah, I shall dine better to-day. I shall get a meal in the Windberg-gasse."

"What, at my aunt's house?"

"Yes; at your aunt's house. They live well there, even in the kitchen. Lotta will have for me some hot soup, a mess of cabbage, and a sausage. I wish I could bring it away from your aunt's house to the old man and yourself."

"I would sooner fall in the gutter than eat my aunt's meat."

"That is all very fine for you, but I am not going to marry a Jewess. Why should I quarrel with your aunt or with Lotta Luxa? If you would give up the Jew, Nina, your aunt's house would be open to you; yes, — and Ziska's house."

"I will not give up the Jew," said Nina with flashing eyes.

"I suppose not. But what will you do when he gives you up? What if Ziska then should not be so forward?"

"Of all those who are my enemies, and whom I hate because they are so cruel, I hate Ziska the worst. Go and tell him so, since you are becoming one of them. In doing so much you cannot at any rate do me harm."

Then she took herself off, forgetting in her angry spirit the prudential motives which had induced her to begin the conversation with Souchev. But Souchev, though he was going to Madame Zamenoy's house to get his dinner, and was looking forward with much eagerness to the mess of hot cabbage and the cold sausage, had by no means become "one of them" in the Windberg-gasse. He had had more than one interview of late with Lotta Luxa, and had perceived that something was going on, of which he much desired to be at the bottom. Lotta had some scheme, which she was half willing and half unwilling to reveal to him, by which she hoped to prevent the threatened marriage between Nina and the Jew. Now Souchev was well enough inclined to take a part in such a scheme, — provided it did not in any way make him a party with the Zamenoy's in things general, against the Balatkas. It was his duty as a Christian — though he himself was rather slack in the performance of his own religious duties — to put a stop to this horrible marriage if he could do so; but it behooved him to be true to his master and mistress, and especially true to them in opposition to the Zamenoy's. He had in some sort been carrying on a losing battle against the Zamenoy's all his life, and had some of the feelings of a martyr, — telling himself that he had lost a rich wife by doing so. He would go on this occasion and eat his dinner and be very confidential with Lotta; but he would be very discreet,

would learn more than he told, and above all, would not betray his master or mistress.

Soon after he was gone, Anton Trendellsohn came over to the Kleinseite, and, ringing at the bell of the house, received admission from Nina herself. "What! you, Anton?" she said, almost jumping into his arms, and then restraining herself. "Will you come up? It is so long since I have seen you."

"Yes — it is long. I hope the time is soon coming when there shall be no more of such separation."

"Is it? Is it indeed?"

"I trust it is."

"I suppose as a maiden I ought to be coy, and say that I would prefer to wait; but, dearest love, sorrow and trouble have banished all that. You will not love me less because I tell you that I count the minutes till I may be your wife."

"No; I do not love you less on that account. I would have you be true and faithful in all things."

Though the words themselves were assuring, there was something in the tone of his voice which repressed her. "To you I am true and faithful in all things; as faithful as though you were already my husband. What were you saying of a time that is soon coming?"

He did not answer her question, but turned the subject away into another channel. "I have brought something for you," he said — "something which I hope you will be glad to have."

"Is it a present?" she asked. As yet he had never given her anything that she could call a gift, and it was to her almost a matter of pride that she had taken nothing from her Jew lover, and that she would take nothing till it should be her right to take everything.

"Hardly a present; but you shall look at it as you will. You remember Rapinsky, do you not?" Now Rapinsky was the jeweller in the Grosser Ring, and Nina, though she well remembered the man and the shop, did not at the moment remember the name. "You will not have forgotten this at any rate," said Trendellsohn, bringing the necklace from out of his pocket.

"How did you get it?" said Nina, not putting out her hand to take it, but looking at it as it lay upon the table.

"I thought you would be glad to have it back again."

"I should be glad if" —

"If what? Will it be less welcome because it comes through my hands?"

"The man lent me money upon it, and you must have paid the money."

"What if I have? I like your pride, Nina; but be not too proud. Of course I have paid the money. I know Rapinsky, who deals with us often. I went to him after you spoke to me, and got it back again. There is your mother's necklace."

"I am sorry for this, Anton."

"Why sorry?"

"We are so poor that I shall be driven to take it elsewhere again. I cannot keep such a thing in the house while father wants. But better he should want than"—

"Than what, Nina?"

"There would be something like cheating in borrowing money on the same thing twice."

"Then put it by, and I will be your lender."

"No; I will not borrow from you. You are the only one in the world that I could never repay. I cannot borrow from you. Keep this thing, and if I am ever your wife, then you shall give it me."

"If you are ever my wife?"

"Is there no room for such an if? I hope there is not, Anton. I wish it were as certain as the sun's rising. But people around us are so cruel! It seems, sometimes, as though the world were against us. And then you, yourself!"

"What of me myself, Nina?"

"I do not think you trust me altogether; and unless you trust me, I know you will not make me your wife."

"That is certain; and yet I do not doubt that you will be my wife."

"But do you trust me? Do you believe in your heart of hearts that I know nothing of that paper for which you are searching?" She paused for a reply, but he did not at once make any. "Tell me," she went on saying, with energy, "are you sure that I am true to you in that matter, as in all others? Though I were starving—and it is nearly so with me already—and though I loved you beyond even all heaven—as I do, I do, I would not become your wife if you doubted me in any tittle. Say that you doubt me, and then it shall be all over." Still he did not speak. "Rebecca Loth will be a fitter wife for you than I can be," said Nina.

"If you are not my wife, I shall never have a wife," said Trendelsohn.

In her ecstasy of delight, as she heard these words, she took up his hand and kissed it; but she dropped it again, as she remembered that she had not yet received the as-

urance that she needed. "But you do believe me about this horrid paper?"

It was necessary that she should be made to go again through the fire. In deliberate reflection he had made himself aware that such necessity still existed. It might be that she had some inner reserve as to duty towards her father. There was, possibly, some reason which he could not fathom why she should still keep something back from him in this matter. He did not, in truth, think that it was so, but there was the chance. There was the chance, and he could not bear to be deceived. He felt assured that Ziska Zamenoy and Lotta Luxa believed that this deed was in Nina's keeping. Indeed, he was assured that all the household of the Zamenoy's so believed. "If there be a God above us, it is there," Lotta had said, crossing herself. He did not think it was there; he thought that Lotta was wrong, and that all the Zamenoy's were wrong, by some mistake which he could not fathom; but still there was the chance, and Nina must be made to bear this additional calamity.

"Do you think it impossible," said he, "that you should have it among your own things?"

"What! without knowing that I have it?" she asked.

"It may have come to you, with other papers," he said, "and you may not quite have understood its nature."

"There, in that desk, is every paper that I have in the world. You can look if you suspect me. But I shall not easily forgive you for looking." Then she threw down the key of her desk upon the table. He took it up and fingered it, but did not move towards the desk. "The greatest treasures there," she said, "are scraps of your own, which I have been a fool to value, as they have come from a man who does not trust me."

He knew that it would be useless for him to open the desk. If she were secreting anything from him, she was not hiding it there. "Might it not possibly be among your clothes?" he asked.

"I have no clothes," she answered, and then strode off across the wide room, towards the door of her father's apartment. But, after she had grasped the handle of the door, she turned again upon her lover. "It may, however, be well that you should search my chamber and my bed. If you will come with me, I will show you the door. You will find it to be a sorry place for one who was your affianced bride."

"Who is my affianced bride," said Trendellsohn.

"No, sir! — who *was*, but is so no longer. You will have to ask my pardon, — at my feet, before I will let you speak to me again as my lover. Go and search. Look for your deed, — and then you shall see that I will tear out my own heart rather than submit to the ill-usage of distrust from one who owes me so much faith as you do."

"Nina," he said.

"Well, sir."

"I do trust you."

"Yes — with a half trust, — with one eye closed, while the other is watching me. You think you have so conquered me that I will be good to you, and yet cannot keep yourself from listening to those who whisper that I am bad to you. Sir, I fear they have been right when they told me that a Jew's nature would surely shock me at last."

The dark frowning cloud, which she had so often observed with fear, came upon his brow; but she did not fear him now. "And do you too taunt me with my religion?" he said.

"No, not so — not with your religion, Anton; but with your nature."

"And how can I help my nature?"

"I suppose you cannot help it, and I am wrong to taunt you. I should not have taunted you. I should only have said that I will not endure the suspicion either of a Christian or of a Jew."

He came up to her now, and put out his arm as though he were about to embrace her. "No," she said; "not again, till you have asked my pardon for distrusting me, and have given me your solemn word that you distrust me no longer."

He paused a moment in doubt, then put his hat on his head and prepared to leave her. She had behaved very well, but still he would not be weak enough to yield to her in everything at once. As to opening her desk, or going up-stairs into her room, that he felt to be quite impossible. Even his nature did not admit of that. But neither did his nature allow him to ask her pardon and to own that he had been wrong. She had said that he must implore her forgiveness at her feet. One word, however, one look, would have sufficed. But that word and that look were, at the present moment, out of his power. "Good-bye, Nina," he said. "It is best that I should leave you now."

"By far the best; and you will take the necklace with you, if you please."

"No; I will leave that. I cannot keep a trinket that was your mother's."

"Take it, then, to the jeweller's, and get back your money. It shall not be left here. I will have nothing from your hands." He was so far cowed by her manner that he took up the necklace and left the house, and Nina was once more alone.

What they had told her of her lover was after all true. That was the first idea that occurred to her as she sat in her chair, stunned by the sorrow that had come upon her. They had dinned into her ears their accusations, not against the man himself, but against the tribe to which he belonged, telling her that a Jew was, of his very nature, suspicious, greedy, and false. She had perceived early in her acquaintance with Anton Trendellsohn that he was clever, ambitious, gifted with the power of thinking as none others whom she knew could think; and that he had words at his command, and was brave, and was endowed with a certain nobility of disposition which prompted him to wish for great results rather than for small advantages. All this had conquered her, and had made her resolve to think that a Jew could be as good as a Christian. But now, when the trial of the man had in truth come, she found that those around her had been right in what they had said. How base must be the nature which could prompt a man to suspect a girl who had been true to him as Nina had been true to her lover!

She would never see him again — never! He had left the room without even answering the question which she had asked him. He would not even say that he trusted her. It was manifest that he did not trust her, and that he believed at this moment that she was endeavouring to rob him in this matter of the deed. He had asked her if she had it in her desk or among her clothes, and her very soul revolted from the suspicion so implied. She would never speak to him again. It was all over. No; she would never willingly speak to him again.

But what would she do? For a few minutes she fell back, as is so natural with mortals in trouble, upon that religion which she had been so willing to outrage by marrying the Jew. She went to a little drawer and took out a string of beads which had lain there unused since she had been made to believe that the Virgin and the saints would not permit her marriage with Anton Trendellsohn. She took out the beads, — but she did not use them. She passed no berries through her fingers to check the

number of prayers said, for she found herself unable to say any prayer at all. If he would come back to her, and ask her pardon—ask it in truth at her feet—she would still forgive him, regardless of the Virgin and the saints. And if he did not come back, what was the fate that Lotta Luxa had predicted for her, and to which she had acknowledged to herself that she would be driven to submit? In either case how could she again come to terms with St. John and St. Nicholas? And how was she to live? Should she lose her lover, as she now told herself would certainly be her fate, what possibility of life was left to her? From day to day and from week to week she had put off to a future hour any definite consideration of what she and her father should do in their poverty, believing that it might be postponed till her marriage would make all things easy. Her future mode of living had often been discussed between her and her lover, and she had been candid enough in explaining to him that she could not leave her father desolate. He had always replied that his wife's father should want for nothing, and she had been delighted to think that she could with joy accept that from her husband which nothing would induce her to accept from her lover. This thought had sufficed to comfort her, as the evil of absolute destitution was close upon her. Surely the day of her marriage would come soon.

But now it seemed to her to be certain that the day of her marriage would never come. All those expectations must be banished, and she must look elsewhere,—if elsewhere there might be any relief. She knew well that if she would separate herself from the Jew, the pocket of her aunt would be opened to relieve the distress of her father—would be opened so far as to save the old man from perishing of want. Aunt Sophie, if duly invoked, would not see her sister's husband die of starvation. Nay, aunt Sophie would doubtless so far stretch her Christian charity as to see that her niece was in some way fed, if that niece would be duly obedient. Further still, aunt Sophie would accept her niece as the very daughter of her house, as the rising mistress of her own establishment, if that niece would only consent to love her son. Ziska was there as a husband in Anton's place if Ziska might only gain acceptance.

But Nina, as she rose from her chair and walked backwards and forwards through her chamber, telling herself all these things, clenched her fist, and stamped her foot, as

she swore to herself that she would dare all that the saints could do to her, that she would face all the terrors of the black dark river, before she would succumb to her cousin Ziska. As she worked herself into wrath, thinking now of the man she loved, and then of the man she did not love, she thought that she could willingly perish,—if it were not that her father lay there so old and so helpless. Gradually, as she magnified to herself the terrible distresses of her heart, the agony of her yearning love for a man who, though he loved her, was so unworthy of her perfect faith, she began to think that it would be well to be carried down to the quick, eternal, almighty stream beyond the reach of the sorrow which encompassed her. When her father should leave her she would be all alone—alone in the world, without a friend to regard her, or one living human being on whom she, a girl, might rely for protection, shelter, or even for a morsel of bread. Would St. Nicholas cover her from the contumely of the world, or would St. John of the Bridges feed her? Did she in her heart of hearts believe that even the Virgin would assist her in such a strait? No; she had no such belief. It might be that such real belief had never been hers. She hardly knew. But she did know that now, in the hour of her deep trouble, she could not say her prayers and tell her beads, and trust valiantly that the goodness of heaven would suffice to her in her need.

In the mean time Souchey had gone off to the Windberg-gasse, and had gladdened himself with the soup, with the hot mess of cabbage and the sausage, supplied by Madame Zamenoy's hospitality. The joys of such a moment are unknown to any but those who, like Souchey, have been driven by circumstances to sit at tables very ill supplied. On the previous day he had fed upon offal thrown away from a butcher's stall, and habit had made such feeding not unfamiliar to him. As he walked from the Kleinseite through the Old Town to Madame Zamenoy's bright-looking house in the New Town, he had comforted himself greatly with thoughts of the coming feast. The representation which his imagination made to him of the banquet sufficed to produce happiness, and he went along hardly envying any man. His propensities at the moment were the propensities of a beast. And yet he was submitting himself to the terrible poverty which made so small a matter now a matter of joy to him, because there was a something of nobility within him which made him true to the master

who had been true to him, when they had both been young together. Even now he resolved, as he sharpened his teeth, that through all the soup and all the sausage he would be true to the Balatkas. He would be true even to Nina Balatka, — though he recognised it as a paramount duty to do all in his power to save her from the Jew.

He was seated at the table in the kitchen almost as soon as he had entered the house in the Windberg-gasse, and found his plate full before him. Lotta had felt that there was no need of the delicacy of compliment in feeling a man who was so undoubtedly hungry, and she had therefore bade him at once fall to. "A hearty meal is a thing you are not used to," she had said, "and it will do your old bones a deal of good." The address was not complimentary, especially as coming from a lady in regard to whom he entertained tender feelings; but Souchey forgave the something of coarse familiarity which the words displayed, and, seating himself on the stool before the victuals, gave play to the feelings of the moment. "There's no one to measure what's left of the sausage," said Lotta, instigating him to new feats.

"Ain't there now?" said Souchey, responding to the sound of the trumpet. "I always thought she had the devil's own eye in looking after what was used in the kitchen."

"The devil himself winks sometimes," said Lotta, cutting another half-mech off from the unconsumed fragment, and picking the skin from the meat with her own fair fingers. Hitherto Souchey had been regardless of any such niceness in his eating, the skin having gone with the rest; but now he thought that the absence of the outside covering and the touch of Lotta's fingers were grateful to his appetite.

"Souchey," said Lotta, when he had altogether done and had turned his stool round to the kitchen fire, "where do you think Nina would go if she were to marry — a Jew?" There was an abrupt solemnity in the manner of the question which at first baffled the man, whose breath was heavy with the comfortable repletion which had been bestowed upon him.

"Where would she go to?" he said, repeating Lotta's words.

"Yes, Souchey, where would she go to? Where would be her eternal home? What would become of her soul? Do you know that not a priest in Prague would give her absolution though she were on her dying bed? Oh, holy Mary, it's a terrible thing

to think of! It's bad enough for the old man and her to be there day after day without a morsel to eat; and I suppose if it were not for Anton Trendellohn it would be bad enough with them" —

"Not a gulden, then, has Nina ever taken from the Jew — nor the value of a gulden, as far as I can judge between them."

"What matters that, Souchey? Is she not engaged to him as his wife? Can anything in the world be so dreadful? Don't you know she'll be — damned for ever and ever?" Lotta, as she uttered the terrible words, brought her face close to Souchey's, looking into his eyes with a fierce glare. Souchey shook his head sorrowfully, owning thereby that his knowledge in the matter of religion did not go to the point indicated by Lotta Luxa. "And wouldn't anything, then, be a good deed that would prevent that?"

"It's the priests that should do it among them."

"But the priests are not the men they used to be, Souchey. And it is not exactly their fault neither. There are so many folks about in these days who care nothing who goes to glory and who does not, and they are too many for the priests."

"If the priests can't fight their own battle, I can't fight it for them," said Souchey.

"But for the old family, Souchey, that you have known so long! Look here; you and I between us can prevent it."

"And how is it to be done?"

"Ah! that's the question. If I felt that I was talking to a real Christian that had a care for the poor girl's soul, I would tell you in a moment."

"So I am; only her soul isn't my business."

"Then I cannot tell you this. I can't do it unless you acknowledge that her welfare as a Christian is the business of us all. Fancy, Souchey, your mistress married to a filthy Jew."

"For the matter of that, he isn't so filthy neither."

"An abominable Jew! But, Souchey, she will never fall out with him. We must contrive that he shall quarrel with her. If she had a thing about her that he did not want her to have, couldn't you contrive that he should know it?"

"What sort of thing? Do you mean another lover, like?"

"No, you gander. If there was anything of that sort I could manage it myself. But if she had a thing locked up, — away

from him, couldn't you manage to show it to him? He's very generous in rewarding, you know."

"I don't want to have anything to do with it," said Souchev, getting up from his stool, and preparing to take his departure. Though he had been so keen after the sausage, he was above taking a bribe in such a matter as this.

"Stop, Souchev, stop. I didn't think that I should ever have to ask anything of you in vain."

Then she put her face very close to his, so that her lips touched his ear, and she

laid her hand heavily upon his arm, and she was very confidential. Souchev listened to the whisper till his face grew longer and longer. "'Tis for her soul," said Lotta—"for her poor soul's sake. When you can save her by raising your hand, would you let her be damned for ever?"

But she could exact no promise from Souchev except that he would keep faith with her, and that he would consider deeply the proposal made to him. Then there was a tender farewell between them, and Souchev returned to the Kleinseite.

TERMINUS.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

It is time to be old,
To take in sail :—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds
And said, "No more !
No further spread .
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root ;
Fancy departs : no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two :
Economize the failing river,
Not the less adore the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softened the fall with wary foot ;
A little while
Still plan and smile,

And fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.

"Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime :
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

From the New-York Observer.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.*

WE have long been desiring to welcome to our table a volume of poems from our friend, the well-known publisher, Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, who has been doing so much to introduce to the world the choice productions of other pens, and we are glad that in the midst of the duties of an arduous profession, he has at length found time to gather the fruits of occasional hours spent in the indulgence of his own cultivated genius and taste. For years we have been familiar with some of the gems contained in this volume, and we shall prize them all the more for having them in this form, associated with others of like merit. There is nothing ambitious in the style of the poems; they are modest flowers, but they breathe the fragrance of genuine poetry, and they have the richer fragrance of a Christian heart, all the richer because that heart has been bruised. Indeed, the rarest merit of these fugitive pieces, apart from their real literary worth, consists in their being the promptings of a heart awake to all the tender experiences of life. Those who have hearts to love, and hearts to feel when the tendrils of the soul are torn asunder, will find their own emotions traced in many of these lines as faithfully as if they were written from their own experience.

The poems are nearly all of a domestic character — lays of the hearthstone, — some of them written amid its joys, when the sunshine was breaking in at the window, and some of them when the shadow had fallen, but not so heavily as to shut out the brighter light of heaven from the soul. Of the former character is the poem entitled "Rich though Poor," the first stanza of which is as follows:

No rood of land in all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare of gold or gems,
Do any keep for me:
As yesterday I wrought for bread,
So must I toil to-day,
Yet some are not so rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

We have been often reminded of Motherwell, one of the sweetest of Scotland's poets, in reading many of these pieces, and especially in the "Sabbath Morning:"

* HOPEFULLY WAITING, and Other Verses. By
Anson D. F. Randolph. Charles Scribner & Co.,
Publishers.

O day of love and calm delight,
"The brightest of the seven,"
O precious foretaste of the rest
And blessedness of heaven!

O blessed scene of peace and love,
That seems to heaven akin,
Is this a world of pain and death,
Of sorrow and of sin? — &c., &c.

Here is a stanza from a piece entitled
"Less and More:"

Two prayers, dear Lord, in one —
Give me both less and more;
Less of the impatient world, and more of Thee;
Less of myself, and all that heretofore
Made me to slip where ready feet do run,
And held me back from where I fain would
be, —
Keep me, my Lord, from Thee!

The longest poem in the volume is "Margaret Brown," one of the "simple annals of the poor," — a record of one who, out of poverty, was made rich by the grace of Him who for our sakes became poor. We should be glad to copy it entire, but we give a single stanza — a specimen of the whole:

Long years have passed — poor, blind, and old,
She waits until God's will is done;
And yet her closed eyes behold
That world of glories manifold,
And Jesus as the Sun.

The hymn entitled "Longings" is well worthy of a place in our books of devotion, so expressive is it of the breathings of a soul sighing after closer communion with the Saviour as the only source of true peace. The following we have read again and again in order to make an extract, but it cannot be divided. Many parental hearts will moisten it with tears as they read:

I.

Of all the darling children
That e'er a household blessed,
We place our baby for compare
With the fairest and the best;
She came when last the violets
Dropped from the hand of Spring,
When on the trees the blossoms hung —
Those cups of odorous incense swung —
When dainty robins sing.

How glowed the early morning
After a night of rain,
When she possessed our waiting hearts
To go not out again;

"Dear Lord," we said, with thankful speech,
 "Grant we may love Thee more
 For this new blessing in a cup
 That was so full before!"

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

II.

This year, before the violets
 Had heralded the Spring,
 And not a leaf was on the trees,
 Nor robin here to sing,
 An angel came one solemn night,
 Heaven's glory to bestow,
 And take our darling from our sight, —
 What could we, Lord, at morning light,
 But weep, and let her go?

How dark the day that followed
 That dreary night of pain;
 Those eyes now closed, and nevermore
 To open here again!
 "Dear Lord," we said, with broken speech,
 "Grant we may love Thee more
 For this new jewel in the crown
 Where we had two before!"

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

We have marked a number of passages which our limited space will not allow us to copy, but we have given specimens of the volume, enough to assure our readers that in its perusal they will enjoy that genuine pleasure which is found only in the communion of heart with heart. The reader will find himself at once in sympathy with the author.

From the Examiner.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

BY L. AGASSIZ.

Geological Sketches. By L. Agassiz. Trübner and Co.

Rocks Classified and Described. A Treatise on Lithology. By Bernhard von Cotta. An English Edition by Philip Henry Lawrence. With English, German, and French Synonyms. Revised by the Author. Longmans.

Ferns: British and Foreign. Their History, Orthography, Classification, and Enumeration. With a Treatise on their Cultivation, etc. etc. By John Smith, A.L.S., Ex Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. Hardwicke.

The *Geological Sketches* of Professor

Agassiz are notes from lectures originally prepared as popular sketches of scientific facts and principles for the *Atlantic Monthly*. They still retain, says their author, something of the familiarity induced by the personal relation of a lecturer to his audience; in so doing, we may add, they make a book that will be very delightful to a wide circle of readers. A thorough man of science is almost always intellectually and socially one of the best companions. The charm of the nature to which his mind is given glimmers through him. Keenly alive to the exquisite harmony and beauty of the divine plan whereof some one part is the great study of his life, the harmony is apt to pass into his temper; his study of the supreme wisdom makes him unaffected in the expression of his own wisdom or knowledge. The man of letters may contract a humour of pride from the habit of comparing his own works with those of inferior men whom the world applauds. But the contact of the naturalist is with the inexpressible perfection of the works of God. Let the cause be what it may, the fact is certain that, as a general rule, students of natural science or natural history are among the simplest and most genial of the wise men of this world; and of these it is true almost universally that the more their knowledge the less their pretension. When they tell some of their knowledge to the public at large, as Professor Agassiz does in this little volume of *Geological Sketches*, what they write is, for all who can read thoughtfully, as entertaining as a novel.

The growth of continents is the main subject of the book. America, first born among the continents, is, says Mr. Agassiz, geologically the old world, not the new. Here was the first dry land lifted out of the waters.

Thus runs the story as here told.

Once our earth was in a state of igneous fusion, without water and without air. No wind blew over it, no rain fell upon it, but an intense heat held all its materials in solution. The rocks, which are now the bones and sinews of our mother earth, were then a liquid mass. The agencies that were at work then are at work now. The earth we tread is but a thin crust over a liquid sea of molten materials. "From artesian wells, from mines, from geysers, from hot springs, a mass of facts has been collected, proving incontestably the heated condition of all substances at a certain depth below the earth's surface; and if we need more positive evidence we have it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony

to the molten ocean seething within the globe, and forcing its way out from time to time." When the crust of the earth was too thin to oppose much resistance to the outbreak of these internal fires, they so constantly forced themselves through, that some of the earlier rock deposit is perforated with numerous chimneys, narrow tunnels as it were, bored by the liquid masses that poured out through them.

But even that thin crust, how could it be formed? Astronomy, says Professor Agassiz, shows our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part, to move through spaces cold enough to chill its surface. The first effect of cooling was contraction of its surface into a solid film or crust. That crust would shrink as the cooling continued, wrinkles and folds would arise in it. Here and there, where the tension was too great, there would be cracks. Meanwhile, the crust would thicken gradually as the mass within became affected by the outside temperature.

The cooling that solidified some of the constituents of earth, caused also the rising of vapours, their condensation into clouds, the falling of rains, the gathering of waters upon the face of the earth. As soon as the wash of an ocean wore the surface of the solid crust, it swept material from it to be deposited as sand, or mud, or pebbles at its bottom, layer upon layer. So the crystalline fire-born rocks were covered in many places with layer upon layer of the deposit from the waters which had reduced some part of them to a fine dust. So came the great division between unstratified and stratified, igneous and aqueous rocks. Between them in character are the stratified rocks that have been metamorphosed, more or less recrystallized by heat. Where the molten mass from within has, through crack in the surface or otherwise, come into contact with, and partially melted, rocks deposited by water, clay has been baked into slate, limestone fused into crystalline marble. The geology of Professor Agassiz is decidedly too much of the convulsive school, when he says that "all mountains and mountain chains have been upheaved by great convulsions of the globe, which rent asunder the surface of the earth, destroyed the animals and plants living upon it at the time, and were then succeeded by long intervals of repose." As to the first part of the story of the globe, in fact, we prefer the teachings of Sir Charles Lyell to those of Professor Agassiz. Cosmical operations, mighty in their results, have for the most part been gradual as those rearrangements

of the elements of earth which Professor Cotta, in his *Lithology*, speaks of as "a perpetual circulation of matter in the world of rocks."

On this head we will quote a passage from Professor Cotta's book. The second edition of that thoroughly clear, full, and systematic treatise upon Rocks has, this year, been translated by Mr. P. H. Lawrence into an English edition that includes the author's new material, and other information which the translator himself has added with the author's sanction. This is a part of Professor Cotta's summing up of his subject:

If we take a general review of the various formations and transformations of rock, we shall discover in them a perpetual process of circulation or rotation of substances, and of their different states. The substances remain, but the forms in which they appear and the mode of their combinations vary.

Disregarding for the moment the first solid products of cooling on the earth's surface, as not being capable of identification at the present day, we may most conveniently enter the circle of transmutations with the eruptive igneous rocks, as approaching most nearly to original formations. These, then, are constantly attacked and decomposed by chemical and mechanical forces acting from their surface inwards, and from their cracks and fissures outwards.

The products of this decay are deposited either in the form of chemical precipitates or mechanical aggregates. By chemical process of precipitation cavities and fissures in rocks become filled up (*amygdaloids* and *veins*), deposits are made at the mouths of springs of *limestone-tuff*, *siliceous-tuff*, *bog-ore*, &c.; or else other crystalline rocks are formed, such as *gypsum* or *rock-salt*. By mechanical agency, on the other hand (partly aided by organic processes), there arise the much more important and extensive deposits of *clay*, *sand*, *pebbles*, *marl*, *limestone*, and *dolomite*; and during the process of deposit, *carbon* (in the form of carbonic acid from the atmosphere), *water*, *chlorine*, and some other substances, are added to the previously existing materials.

But, like the eruptive masses, all these deposited masses in their turn are partly decomposed and washed away by external forces, and in other parts they become greatly changed internally by pressure and the action of heat. By means of heat and pressure acting during long periods, parts which thus in the first instance were only mechanically bound together, enter into new chemical combinations with each other, and assume a crystalline state more or less analogous to that of the crystalline mineral aggregates of the eruptive rocks. It is even probable in many cases that the substance of these derivative rocks has been fused and become eruptive a second time.

Thus the process of destruction and new

formation of rocks, be it ever so slow, and therefore difficult of observation, has never, at any time of the earth's history, been interrupted, but continues at the present day; and not only is this true of the original formations, but the new products of consolidation, of deposits, and of transmutation, have always been equally subjected, and are still subject, to the same processes.

This is the perpetual circulation of matter in the world of rocks.

In the course of such various and renewed working up and transformation of the same substances, with the addition of those others furnished by the air and water, it cannot be matter of wonder that the variety of their groups has been always somewhat on the increase; for, if certain processes in this rotation are altogether universal in their character, recurring in the same way, everywhere and in every age, yet in consequence of the general multiplication of conditions and circumstances, and the increasing aggregate of their results, special combinations of the same processes have constantly arisen in later times and brought about special formations of rocks which were not previously in existence, or which do not belong to the normal phenomena of nature.

This increase in variety of the products of later times is not confined to geological and mineral substances; a greater and more rapid increase has taken place in the organic world, where the forms of life have multiplied in an ever-ascending ratio (partly in consequence of the change and increase of the conditions of existence from geological causes).

The processes of change, to which the outward conformation of the globe's surface is subject, likewise multiply more rapidly than mere strictly geological phenomena.

Reasoning, therefore, from the past and from analogy with other kingdoms, we must expect the species of rocks and kinds of rock-formation to go on increasing indefinitely for the future, as they have been increasing continually ever since the first solidification of our earth's crust.

The earliest American land, says Mr. Agassiz, was "a long narrow island, almost continental in its proportions, since it stretched from the borders of Canada nearly to the point where now the base of the Rocky Mountains meets the plain of the Mississippi Valley. We may still walk along its ridge and know that we tread upon the ancient granite that first divided the waters into a northern and southern ocean."

Then came the age called Silurian because Sir Roderick Murchison happened to study its remains in water upon land once ascribed to the Silures. In the Silurian age, says our author, the world, so far as it was raised above the ocean, was a beach,

and "the Silurian Beach" is, therefore, the subject of his second chapter. Around the city of Cincinnati, Silurian shells and crustacea may be collected by cartloads. A naturalist, says Professor Agassiz, would find it difficult to gather along any modern seashore, even on tropical coasts, so rich a harvest in the same time, as he will bring home from an hour's ramble outside that city. His next chapter is upon "the Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period." The land of North America at the beginning of this period included Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, the greater part of New England, the whole of New York, a narrow strip along the north of Ohio, a great part of Indiana and Illinois, and nearly the whole of Michigan and Wisconsin. Within this region lie nearly all the Great Lakes. Between the elevations of the land were other inland seas changed by the rains to freshwater lakes, filled in the course of centuries with debris from their shores, and transformed at last to spreading marshes on which arose the gigantic fern vegetation of which the first forests chiefly consisted. What ferneries were they, to compare with the pretty collections that our ladies now collect in hothouse or Ward's case! One goes back to this primeval time with satisfaction for assurance that these new favourites of fashion really are one of the oldest families in the world; and then one comes back to 1866 with a welcome for a fern book by Mr. John Smith, who has been studying ferns at Kew since the year 1822, and has been at the making of the whole Kew collection.

Mr. Smith's book is a systematic enumeration and description of the cultivated ferns, with a history of the introduction of exotic ferns, instructions as to cultivation and the etymology of their ungainly names. Such a book will be welcomed now by hundreds of amateur collectors, although fifty years ago it would have had as much chance of a general sale as if it had been published in the carboniferous age for the use of the Cephalopods. Says Mr. Smith,

Though Ferns now occupy a conspicuous place in our gardens, and are in high favour with cultivators, it is only in comparatively recent times that they have been brought into notice. During the last century certain classes of plants came into fashion, and after a season of popularity again fell into disrepute. Thus: Tulips were once the rage. At the time of the establishing of the several provincial Botanic Gardens, all of which were founded upon a strictly botanical footing, though many of them have now, to a greater or less extent,

degenerated into places of amusement, the plants in greatest demand were those of our New Holland and Cape colonies, principally the Heaths, *Proteas*, *Aloes*, and their kindred. In after-years, dealers obtained large prices for Cactuses; but, with the exception of a few of the easily-grown and most showy kinds, these are now scarcely saleable. Still more recently the magnificent-flowering Orchids were promoted to the first place in our gardens; and though these may still be said to maintain their position, the expense attending their cultivation is so great that they are for the most part confined to the gardens of the wealthy. Ferns, on the contrary, may, as a general rule, be grown in a comparatively inexpensive manner. The discovery made by Mr. N. B. Ward, that these plants can be grown to great perfection in small ornamental closed cases (now well known as "Wardian Cases"), suitable not only for the drawing-rooms of the wealthy but for humbler dwellings, renders it possible for amateurs to indulge their love of Ferns without going to the expense of erecting hothouses and employing a staff of gardeners; and it is to be hoped that this will be the means of retaining them in favour and spreading them still wider.

The enumeration shows that at the present time above nine hundred exotic species of ferns are cultivated in the various public and private gardens in this country; and of these by far the greater number have been introduced during the last quarter of a century.

From the old Fern Forests Professor Agassiz passes to the Mountains and their Origin. Then we come to the Growth of Continents. Here is the account given of young Europe in the days when it was growing up:

In the European ocean of the Azoic epoch we find five islands of considerable size. The largest of these is at the North. Scandinavia had even then almost her present outlines; for Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, all of which are chiefly granitic in character, were among the first lands to be raised. Between Sweden and Norway there is, however, still a large tract of land under water, forming an extensive lake or a large inland sea in the heart of the country. If the reader will take the trouble to look on any geological map of Europe, he will see an extensive patch of Silurian rock in the centre of Sweden and Norway. This represents that sheet of water gradually to be filled by the accumulation of Silurian deposits and afterwards raised by a later disturbance. There is another mass of land far to the south-east of this Scandinavian island, which we may designate as the Bohemian island, for it lies in the region now called Bohemia, though it includes, also, a part of Saxony and Moravia. The north-west corner of France, that promontory which we now called Bretagne, with a part of Normandy adjoining it, formed another island;

while to the south-east of it lay the central plateau of France. Great Britain was not forgotten in this early world; for a part of the Scotch hills, some of the Welsh mountains, and a small elevation here and there in Ireland, already formed a little archipelago in that region. By a most careful analysis of the structure of the rocks in these ancient patches of land, tracing all the dislocations of strata, all the indications of any disturbance of the earth-crust whatsoever, Elie de Beaumont has detected and classified four systems of upheavals, previous to the Silurian epoch, to which he refers these islands in the Azoic sea. He has named them the system of La Vendée, of Finistère, of Longmynd, and of Mobihan. These names have, for the present only a local significance,—being derived, like so many of the geological names, from the places where the investigations of the phenomena were first undertaken; but in course of time they will, no doubt, apply to all the contemporaneous upheavals, wherever they may be traced, just as we now have Silurian, Devonian, Permian, and Jurassic deposits in America as well as in Europe.

The Silurian and Devonian epochs seem to have been instrumental rather in enlarging the tracts of land already raised than in adding new ones; yet to these two epochs is traced the upheaval of a large and important island to the north-east of France. We may call it the Belgian island, since it covered the ground of modern Belgium; but it also extended considerably beyond these limits, and included much of the Northern Rhine region. A portion only of this tract, to which belongs the central mass of the Vosges and the Black Forest, was lifted during the Silurian epoch,—which also enlarged considerably Wales and Scotland, the Bohemian island, the island of Bretagne, and Scandinavia. During this epoch the sheet of water between Norway and Sweden became dry land, a considerable tract was added to their northern extremity on the Arctic shore; while a broad band of Silurian deposits, lying now between Finland and Russia, enlarged that region.

The Silurian epoch has been referred by Elie de Beaumont to the system of upheaval called by him the system of Westmoreland and Hundsrück,—again merely in reference to the spots at which these upheavals were first studied, the centres, as it were, from which the investigations spread. But in their geological significance they indicate all the oscillations and disturbances of the soil throughout the region over which the Silurian deposits have been traced in Europe. The Devonian epoch added greatly to the outlines of the Belgian island. To it belongs the region of the Ardennes, lying between France and Belgium, the Eifelgebirge, and a new disturbance of the Vosges, by which that region was also extended. The island of Bretagne was greatly increased by the Devonian deposits, and Bohemia gained in dimensions, while the central plateau of France remained much the same as before. The changes of the

Devonian epoch are traced by Elie de Beaumont to a system of upheavals called the Ballons of the Vosges and of Normandy, — so called from the rounded balloon-like domes characteristic of the mountains of the time. To the Carboniferous epoch belong the mountain-systems of Forey (to the west of Lyons), of the North of England, and of the Netherlands. These three systems of upheaval have also been traced by Elie de Beaumont; and in the depressions formed between their elevations we find the coal-basins of Central France, of England, and of Germany. During all these epochs, in Europe as in America, every such dislocation of the surface was attended by a change in the animal creation.

The other chapters of this pleasant book of popular science are on the Geological Middle Age; the Tertiary Age and its Characteristic Animals; the Formation of Glaciers, their Progression, and their External Appearance; the glaciers being discussed here generally with regard to their geological significance. But a special volume is to follow, in which Professor Agassiz will add to the excellent studies by Forbes, Tyndall, and others, of the glaciers of the old world, his own tracings of the glacial phenomena of America.

For the glaciers of Europe, he says, the broken character of the country, intersected in every direction by mountain chains, presents numerous centres of dispersion. Owing to the extensive land-surfaces on the American continent, the same set of facts presents there a new aspect, enabling some new light to be thrown on the whole subject of glacial action.

From the Saturday Review.

IMMORAL BOOKS.

SOME recent discussions seem to indicate that the public mind is in a state of utter confusion as to the canons by which the morality of a literary work is to be decided. No satisfactory dogmas can be laid down. Those who are most inclined to a mistaken prudery feel the absurdity of drawing a line which would exclude *Othello* or *Cymbeline*. Their adversaries cannot quite venture to argue that, as the accusation of immorality has constantly been brought against the noblest writings, therefore every one accused of immorality is a noble writer, or that he has done anything intrinsically virtuous in breaking down the barriers im-

posed by bigotry upon youthful genius. The real inference probably is, that the immorality of a book is scarcely a matter for formal argument; it must be decided by the instinctive judgment of healthy minds. To count up the breaches of conventional morality is a futile proceeding; for, as in the case of shooting negroes, everything depends upon the spirit in which the laws are disregarded. No sort of test has hitherto been devised for detecting the presence or absence of so refined an essence as a virtuous spirit, except the immediate effect which contact with a work produces upon sound mental senses. There are certain books which, as Mr. Carlyle says of a performance of Diderot's, should cause their readers to plunge into running waters and regard himself for the rest of the day as more than ceremonially unclean. But to argue about them is like arguing about a bad smell. If an alderman swears that the Thames smells sweet to him, no power on earth can prove to him that it stinks.

Hence, a great deal of controversy upon such matters would really amount to a comparison of the moral idiosyncrasies of the contending critics. In the absence of any means of deciding this delicate point, we cannot say whether the senses of one are morbidly sensitive, or those of the other morbidly dull, to immoral images. The legitimate form into which criticism runs is, "You must be immoral because I say so;" and the only reply is what vulgar boys express by "You're another." From this it follows that most of the ordinary arguments are beside the point. For example, the question whether a poem is or is not dramatic seems to be generally quite immaterial. It would, indeed, have some importance if we were discussing the character of the poet, as distinguished from that of his work. It would be important to prove, if any one could have any doubts upon the subject, that Shakspeare was not responsible for Iago's sentiments, and that Milton was not, beyond a certain point, to be identified with the devil. In criticising Byron or Shelley it would be more difficult and more interesting to inquire how far their poems expressed their own convictions; but it would be interesting only as affecting our judgment of Byron or Shelley, not as deciding the morality of *Don Juan* or *Queen Mab*. If a poet claims that he does not mean what he says, the claim may always be conceded; but it really makes no more difference than the assertion of Hume that he is not really arguing against Christianity when he tries to prove the incredibility of miracles. The ar-

guments will produce the same effect, whatever may have been the intention of the reasoner; and the impure images suggested by the poem will be just as foul, though he may have only been talking in the character of some one else. If, again, he puts forward false views of philosophy or morality we do not condemn him, except in so far as he makes those views attractive. An historian who proves that tyranny is desirable, or a philosopher who argues in favour of atheism, is generally considered to be immoral; but a poet is going out of his natural part if he attempts to prove anything. His primary object is merely to draw a picture; and the truth of a picture, in spite of common critical language, is in strictness an inaccurate expression. We may ask whether it is like or unlike to the object represented; but to introduce the moral qualities of truth or falsehood is generally an unfair device for introducing irrelevant prejudices. There is no crime in making a picture or a poem or a novel which is like nothing in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth, though, as a rule, it is a rather idle amusement. The ultimate object of any work of art is, not to make known truth, but to give pleasure; and the test of its morality is, not the quantity of truth which it conveys, but the elevating or debasing tendencies of the pleasure. Wordsworth is a highly moral poet, because the emotions which he stimulates are always pure and intellectual; the truth of his statements is only to the purpose in so far as it increases and purifies the pleasure; otherwise they would be of no more poetical value than the assertion that two and two make four, or that it is a sin to steal a pin. If, on the other hand, there are poets whose stock of images are all drawn from earthly and sensual sources, and who constantly appeal to the lower appetites in preference to the intellectual part of our nature, a study of them will probably be demoralizing whether they make, or do not make, the childish excuse of having been only "pretending." Unless, that is, the sensual desires are touched in such a way as to make them repulsive, the ornaments in which the poet's imagination has dressed them up will make them more attractive to those whom he is able to affect; and this has simply no reference to the question whether or not the expression is "dramatic." It may be that immoral poetry is generally the production of a prurient mind, but the mental condition of the poet, and the effect he produces on his readers, are distinct questions.

This, it is true, raises considerations which

make it impossible to lay down dogmatically that a book is or is not immoral, for the effect of a book upon different persons will of course be infinitely various. There doubtless are persons who are injuriously affected by pictures or poems in which purer minds can see no harm; and we must admit that, if the world at large were constituted in the same way, conventional laws of decency would have to be more stringent. And this suggests that, even as it is, there is some use in these much decried laws. We may easily admit that the English code is at present too strict; and that it is really prejudicial to morality when the fitness of a book to be read to boys and girls is made the only test of its morality. But for all that, the conventional rules as to literary propriety discharge a very useful function, as do similar more or less arbitrary rules in regard to dress and conversation. To the pure all things are pure; there are few or no topics which may not be handled so as to produce a good moral effect. But then, unfortunately, a large part of mankind is anything but pure; they have a morbid capacity for assimilating filth of all kinds, and rejecting the healthy part of their mental food. It is therefore necessary to have certain sanitary regulations in society calculated on the assumption that there are many persons highly susceptible of moral contagion. The sphere allowed to art is somewhat limited; but this is a sacrifice which is necessary in the present imperfect condition of the world. We give up a few beautiful pictures and forms, that we may give no occasion for a great many more which would have a bad moral effect. If the public taste were sufficiently enlightened to discriminate in all cases the healthy from the unhealthy handling of dangerous topics, no such rules would be necessary. The danger of raising the standard too high is of course obvious, and so is the impossibility of fixing definitely what it ought to be; for in all cases it must depend upon the propensity of people to abuse the liberty permitted to them. Our English rule, for example, in regard to novels is probably overstrained; we might safely allow a somewhat greater latitude; but, on the other hand, it seems hard to deny that the French have not erred on the other side. They have some excellent works of art which would have been at once sentenced to destruction in England; but, on the other hand, they have a whole mass of literature which represents the entire adult population to be thinking about nothing but how to commit, or not to commit, or to hinder or encourage other people in committing, adultery.

The natural result of permitting such topics to produce a lively competition in inventing a series of ingeniously varied plots, all turning upon the violation of the marriage law, which can in the long run be healthy neither for readers nor writers, especially as in such a competition it is not the purest method of treatment which generally wins the prize. If art suffers from our stricter system, there are higher considerations even than the welfare of art; but it may be doubted whether the restriction of the field is necessarily so great an evil as it seems, for there is room enough for descriptions of life and character without running foul of the Seventh Commandment; and it is not always the worse for a writer to be compulsorily debarred from the easiest way of snatching an illegitimate success.

Books which, on the whole, show a polluted mind, or which pander to corrupt tastes in their readers, will generally soon be recognized. It is, or should be, unpleasant to accuse a good writer of being foul-minded, and the more so as the accusation is an easy one to make, whether false or true. Therefore, there is always a strong tendency on the part of generous critics to avoid making it. Like similar accusations in actual life, it should not be made unless fully substantiated; and, as we must add, it is not often sustained for any time, unless there is some truth in it. Indeed, the fact that a great many average people denounce a book as immoral raises a presumption that it does harm to the morals of average persons — which is, as we have argued, the real meaning of the accusation. It is very different with those books which are accused, not of obscenity, but of political or theological iniquity. If they have any success, it is as the expression of a strong revolutionary sentiment; and the question of their morality depends upon the justification of that sentiment. As a large part of mankind — and especially of educated mankind — will always regard revolutionary sentiments with horror, there is little doubt that the critical laws will generally err on the side of strictness. Many persons of tolerable intelligence still look upon the French revolution as an outbreak of diabolical malignity. They fail to recognise the immense benefits which, in the opinion of all enlightened men, have been its net result; and therefore they continue to look with simple horror upon the echo which the revolutionary ideas called forth in poetry. The whole thing is a mystery of iniquity, at which they may hold up their hands in pious indignation. In this case, therefore, we are seldom wrong in de-

manding more liberty than the great majority are disposed to grant. Nothing is more essential than that every theological or political creed should be tried in the fire of the freest criticism; and there is nothing from which the faithful are more disposed to shrink. The only limit is that such attacks should be as free as possible from the desire to give pain, or wantonly to shock honest believers. Voltaire's influence would have been almost entirely good if he had not been possessed by this substantially irreverent spirit, for his attacks upon orthodoxy by themselves could only end in fuller investigation of the truth. He used poisoned weapons, and so far his warfare was unfair. Till people understand liberty better than they do, we should be slow to draw the present restrictions tighter.

From the Saturday Review.

THE LIFE OF JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.*

IT is probable that very few of our readers ever heard of James Gates Percival, and that still fewer have ever read his works. Mr. Julius H. Ward, however, believes that Percival was "a wonderful genius," and has for nearly ten years been putting together a memoir of the object of his admiration. The method in which the book has been compiled is simply detestable. Mr. Ward has arbitrarily tacked together a number of letters, partly written by Percival and partly by his friends, mixing occasional fragments of magazine articles and bits of his own composition. The book, in consequence, requires as a malicious critic said of Percival's own poetry, "a vigorous moral effort to read it." It is not so much that the book is long, as that it is totally wanting in art. Tedious stories about squabbles with booksellers, given in wearisome detail, fill a most disproportionate space. Like many other biographies of more pretension, it gives us less a picture of its victim's life than a panorama in which all the events are drawn to the same scale. Fortunately, materials were not very plentiful; and some of the incorporated fragments rise considerably above the general level. Moreover, the biographer gives us every view of his hero with perfect impar-

* *The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival.* By Julius H. Ward. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Tribner & Co. 1883.

tiality. We are thus able to discover that, in the hand of a more skilful writer, the story of Percival's life might have been made interesting as well as instructive. He was really a very original figure, especially amongst our restless, pushing, and practical cousins. Of his poetry, indeed, by which we are told he is principally to be remembered, we cannot express any high opinion. Mr. Whittier exclaims enthusiastically, "God pity the man who does not love the poetry of Percival." "It is not enough," says another gentleman, "to say of these productions that they glow with the fire of *Æschylus* and *Pindar*." "In manners," adds a third critic, "he resembles *Addison*, in disposition the eccentric and excellent *Goldsmith*, and in mind he possesses the herculean vigour of *Johnson* combined with the tuneful equability of *Pope*." He is further compared, on apparently equal terms, with *Wordsworth*, *Coleridge*, *Shelley*, and *Byron*, to each of whom, as well as to *Moore*, he had certain points of likeness; and, as a mathematical proof of his remarkable powers, we are told that, "in the poem called '*Maria*,' there are seventy-eight lines of continuous poetic association without a period." These praises, we should add, for the credit of American criticism, were for the most part bestowed upon Percival on the publication of his first poems, not long after 1820; when we may presume that a very little poetry would go a very long way. The conclusion of most persons would doubtless be that Percival was a humbug; and, so far as his poetry is concerned, we have no reason to think that they would be very far wrong. From the specimens given we should infer that he was a very fluent and very dreamy writer, whose more serious poetry resembled a bad imitation of *Shelley*. The only lines quoted which have any force are called the "Suicide," and have the merit of being apparently a genuine expression of feeling. Percival had, in fact, attempted to kill himself by throwing a large cobble-stone at his own head, and afterwards by taking opium. This is a fair proof of sincerity, though the cobble-stone savours of the melodramatic; and the verses in the "Suicide" are as good as most young men of ability would write on their passage through the *Byronic* stage. His other poetry will, we should imagine, only interest the few who are anxious to trace the rise of a national literature in America from its earliest beginnings.

If Percival were merely one of the justly forgotten versifiers of forty years ago, it would scarcely be worth while to notice his

life. He was, however, although the term has acquired an awkward connotation, really a remarkable man; and his life might be recommended for the study of young poets, if only because he decidedly gave up poetry. As may be supposed from his suicidal tendencies, he possessed the morbid temperament generally productive of second-rate verses. One of the innumerable authors of this book tells us that he was actually "deranged," but this seems to be an over-strong expression. He was, however, sensitive, retiring, and unworldly after a fashion very uncommon amongst his countrymen. On the occasion of an early disappointment in love, we hear that, on once accidentally touching the lady's hand, he became so confused as to be unable to speak; and that he finally retired in confusion. In later life, he lived in habitual fear of ladies' conversation. Indeed for some years he hid himself in almost complete seclusion in some rooms allowed to him in a hospital at New Haven, Connecticut. No stranger was ever allowed to enter them. He used to buy his food for himself in the evening when he had money, and to go without when he had none. His library of ten thousand volumes and his collection of minerals filled one of his three rooms (it must have been a spacious apartment); another contained a bed without sheets, and with a block of wood for a pillow, the dirty blankets marked by his shoes, which, we are solemnly told, he never blacked throughout his life; the rooms were unswept; "there were probably two inches of rolling lint on the floor; there was a beaten path from his bed to his stove, to his writing-table, to his library, and to the door." His dress, we are told, was neat, but the value of his entire wardrobe was "not above fifty dollars"; his hat was worn for years, and his only outer garment was a thin brown camelot cloak. This strange Yankee hermit used, however, to venture forth at times among his friends, and to talk; he would stand with his eyes on the ground, rubbing two fingers of his right hand across the palm of the left, and hold forth in a tone just above a whisper for hours together, regardless of times and seasons; he would collar his friends in the middle of a street to let off one of these strange discourses; and if accidentally interrupted, he would begin again the next day he met them with, "As I was saying." Some of his friends talk in the proper terms of their attention having been riveted by this marvellous flow of learning and eloquence; but the only discourses whose subjects are reported to us are one upon hickory-trees, and another upon a

peach-tree. No notes of his conversations, or rather monologues, survive, except from one of his hearers, who gives us such quotations as this:—"Dr. Percival seems to doubt (in 1848) the capacity of the French to establish a republic; says they are substantially the same people they were in the days of Tacitus. He also thinks the water-cure system pretty much a humbug." If these are fair specimens of Percival's talk, we should consider a stream of it flowing for hours to be superfluous. He had a very queer trick of playing upon divers musical instruments so gently that, if they made any sound, it was audible to himself alone (a desirable accomplishment for amateurs), he being meanwhile convinced that every one heard him. He once sung a song to a large party, really in dumb-show, but, as he believed, to the delight of his audience. And yet he certainly was a man of ability, and one whose ability was not quite thrown away. Besides his poetical gifts, he was a man of science. He knew, it is said, all the European languages, down to the most remote dialects, and especially the Slavonic, and had also studied the modern languages of India—accomplishments which were certainly remarkable in Connecticut in his youth. He was, moreover, a good geologist and botanist, and a man of extensive reading. In early life he attempted, but without success, to settle in his native State as a surgeon. The death of some of his first patients, or complaints by the survivors of his bills, seemed to have frightened him out of the profession. He was exceedingly annoyed after this, as young poets are apt to be, by finding that he could not live by the sale of his poems. Calhoun, however, gave him the appropriate reward of the post of assistant-surgeon at West-Point, with, as it seems, some eye to his future poetry being on the Government side. He soon became disgusted with the labour of the place, and took, after a time, to that pursuit which all Americans appear to follow for part of their lives—that of editing a newspaper. He describes it as "the most degrading and disgraceful of all occupations"; and, either for this reason, or because he was totally incapable of understanding business, he soon gave it up. He had a theory indeed that, when he made made any agreement, it was binding only upon the other person, which was found to work very ill in his relations to booksellers and newspaper proprietors. He was thus compelled for some years to lead a sort of Bohemian life, part of which was spent in the hermitage already described. He did not, however, sink into the

utterly morbid state of mind which might be inferred. When he was in great difficulties his friends raised money to prevent the sale of his library, and, before he died, he succeeded in paying off the debt. He supported himself at one time by acting as assistant to Webster in bringing out a new edition of his dictionary, and afterwards by superintending a new edition of Malte-Brun's Geography. His earnings at this back-work were naturally low enough; but he was made comparatively comfortable by employment in making a geological survey of Connecticut, and, some years later, of Wisconsin. He died in 1856, whilst engaged in this last piece of work. The reports which he produced are said to be proofs of very great skill and of an extraordinary amount of labour. It is also said that they are totally unreadable, except for purposes of reference.

The geology and the poetry will probably sleep together, or, if either is to survive, a collection of dry facts is better than a collection of bad verses. Still there is enough in the story to make us wish that it had been told by an abler writer. Percival was a victim to a very common mental disease—the morbid sensibility which persuades the man himself that he is a poet, and his friends that he is a madman. But, amongst all his misfortunes, he shows certain good qualities which retain our sympathies. He paid his debts, as if he had not been a man of genius; he was ready to make his bread by the lowest kind of work when he had failed in the highest; and, after breaking down as a poet, he became, in later life, a hard-working geologist. Although the hardships of life made him eccentric, and drove him into himself, they do not seem to have made him morose or utterly useless. And such negative praise is rarely deserved in similar cases.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POPE.

WE have most of us heard of that singular traveller who followed Van Amburg all over Europe that he might not fail to witness the evening on which the lions should eat poor Van Amburg, an event of whose certainty he never so much as entertained a doubt.

There are in every country and in every

class sensation-loving people of this sort, and it is strange to see how such persons cling to whatever in any way pertains to a finale. To be in at the finish is with them everything. Of course there is a completeness in this that there is no gainsaying, and he who has heard *le dernier mot* of an adventure has no more to learn from anybody.

It is, I am persuaded, this morbid eagerness, and not any cruelty of disposition, that impels men to be present at executions. There is no hard heartedness, no pleasurable sense of human suffering, in these people; they are simply the victims of a craving desire for excitement; their dull temperaments cannot be moved by the light breezes of ordinary pleasures; they want the hurricane force of actual passions to stir them into activity.

The lower we go in the social scale the more of this element we shall find. The stories of the 'Family Herald' are famous for their horrors, and there is nothing so intensely, thoroughly sensational as servant-galism.

Comedy, except in the very broadest farce, is totally banished from every minor theatre of Europe, and none but the most bloody-minded of dramas can find audience with what are called the people.

There is, however, a great deal more of this sentiment in the educated and well-to-do ranks than we might at first blush admit. Jestingly treated, laughingly acknowledged, or veiled by conventionalities, it exists and gives a strong and not very healthy flavour to the whole of our society. To instance what I mean, look at Rome. The word has gone out over Europe that this is to be the last winter of the Papacy—that over the grand drama of two thousand years the curtain is at last about to fall, and that Pío Nono will make his positively last appearance at the Vatican before his retirement from the boards altogether. This announcement, now made with all the force of a logical argument—now dimly shadowed forth in the language of prophecy—now eagerly declared in the words of hope, is widespread over Europe; and the consequence is, the whole world is flocking this winter to the Holy City, all madly eager to witness the great catastrophe—to be "in at the death."

There are three questions now which men are asking on every side: Will the Pope go? If so, why? And lastly, where will he go to? The first is the only really important one to the world at large, for, as regards his reasons, or his future destination, they are in reality more interesting to his Holiness per-

sonally, or to his immediate followers, than to the rest of Europe.

All Italy says he will go; that the departure of the French troops will leave him no alternative, and that he himself has long prepared for that event. Of course the wish may be father to the thought; but, somehow, I greatly doubt, if I were myself an Italian, if I could so regard the question. As we cast our eyes over Europe, we see that each nation has some specialty, which is either a source of material wealth, or of power and prestige. France asserts her military glory; Germany her race of profound thinkers and scholars; England has her coal-fields; and Italy has the Poppedom. Assail Catholicism as men may; let them rail at the dogmas of the Church, revile its superstitions, and ridicule its mock miracles, there is an *incontestable* grandeur in a monarchy of high two thousand years, and which, at various periods within that time, swayed the destinies of all Christendom. That there is no denying.

It has often been said that the Italians were the worst Papists of Europe; but still, few expected to see them actually forgetful of what gave them their greatest attraction in the eyes of the whole Christian world, and endowed them with a prestige of which all the cities of the earth could not produce the equal.

As a grand spectacle, what was ever like it? Where were ever such accessories as that glorious church and that noble palace, as rich in memories as in art-treasures? What train of courtiers could compare with that line of princes of the Church on whose thoughtful brows were stamped the signs of intellectual vigour, and an ambition that soared far beyond the bounds of ordinary aspiration? Around what other throne were ever grouped, not alone the devotion of loyalty and the homage of fidelity, but the deeper homage and the purer faith that link this life with eternity, and impart to the spirit of earthly obedience all the fervour of Christian love and worship?

I maintain that the Pope was the best thing Italy had, and would "draw," while Victor Emmanuel, and even Garibaldi, will play to empty benches. This may not be the very highest ground to take in the matter; nor am I sure that Cardinal Paul Cullen will accept me as his ally on such showing; but I am looking at the question in a very speculative spirit. Here is a country with an embarrassed exchequer, a heavy taxation, and undeveloped resources, which must so continue till capital be forthcoming to promote them. With a large public

debt, costly engagements, the funds at fifty-four, and credit nowhere, what are they to do? They have vast tracts of corn-growing land, but no roads to convey the produce; they have mines, but are without money to work them; they are, in a word, pretty much in the condition in which the 'Times' lately pictured Ireland, as a country with great natural resources, in which few people would like to risk their capital, and which must be satisfied to be interesting to tourists, without, for the present at least, attracting to it the attention of traders and merchants. Rich in monuments, abounding in treasures of art, and stored with objects of interest on every side, Italy has no rival in the world as a great gallery of curiosities, amongst which there was no gem could compare with the Pope. He was the Koh-i-noor of the collection, and I cannot conceive for an instant how Italians could have overlooked the fact. Bear in mind, it was not alone to the true believers that his Holiness extended the attraction of his presence. The people who sought admission to the Vatican were often stern platform men of Exeter Hall. There came to his audience Calvinists from the north, and Quakers from Philadelphia. All that was rugged and self-asserting in Protestantism desired the blessing of him they were ready to call Antichrist. Bishops of the Establishment bent reverently before him; and in the very newspaper under my eyes I see that the historian of Poerio has been paying his court to infallibility.

Why surrender all this, I say? Will Garibaldi or Mazzinists, think you, be more picturesque features in the landscape than these gorgeous groupings? or will the grand monuments of Catholicism evoke the wonderment and worship of Europe when their living centre has left them, and the spirit that animated the whole departed?

There is nothing which so sternly arraigns the cruelty of annexation as the sight of the empty palace where royalty once dwelt. How will it be here when it is not merely the prince has departed, but where it will be the shrine without the saint, the throne without him whose breath gave hope and comfort to many, and blessing to all? Remove the Pope from Rome, and you take away the great cicerone who made the joys of eternity intelligible to millions. And do not imagine he can ever be as effective in exile at Avignon, or Seville, or Malta; he will ever need the grand scenic illustrations of the Eternal City. The noble vault of St. Peter's, half-dimmed with incense, the Sistine Chapel, vibrating with

seraphic music, were splendid adjuncts to the voice of him who sang out, *per orbem et terras*, his peace to mankind.

Italians are intensely sensitive to all external impressions; and how is it that they have overlooked all this? Nor is it as if the Papacy was to cost them dear; they are not going to pay it either in liberty or in power. The Pope can no more menace them with Austrians nor crush them with concordats. Even his bulls are tamed.

The question resolves itself into this, Can Italy, with an empty treasury and an over-taxed people, not only divest herself of one of the greatest attractions of the nation, but assume all the liabilities of the Papacy? Speaking commercially, Venice may pay, but there is a great doubt if Rome will. The contributions of true believers went largely in aid of the budget; and he would be a sanguine man that thought Peter's pence would drop as freely into Victor Emmanuel's hat as into the Pope's tiara.

For the whole complex machinery of Rome there is but one machinist in all Christendom—the Pope. To convert this ecclesiastical hive into a modern capital is an anachronism and a political blunder. It is like turning a cathedral into a cotton-mill.

The Popedom was the great specialty of Italy. It was the one thing no other country could rival. I am not going to break a lance with Exeter Hall. I am not assuming to even advert to the doctrines of the Church; I am alone speaking of that marvellous rule which was felt in the most remote parts of the universe, and which had its centre at Rome. Call it superstition, idolatry, Antichrist, what you will—there it was, and there it drew hundreds of thousands to do it homage.

If I were Baron Ricasoli, I would do anything rather than drive the Pope out of Italy. It would not be very easy to convert him to liberal ideas, all the less so that he got a surfeit of them in '48, and has never recovered from it since. If I were an Italian minister, I would strain any point to make what the French call a "transaction" with him. Surely if what they style the Leonine City was secured to him, and a wide liberty as regards allocutions, something might be done. There are plenty of schismatics to be cursed out of Italy; let him have his will of them. Russia is likely to torment the Poles for many a day to come, and there are eighty odd millions to be anathematised—a banquet of malediction that might satisfy even gluttony.

With clever management, the whole poli-

cy of Italy could be made to revolve round the Papedom and never surrender one valuable privilege of liberty or sacrifice an item of freedom for the alliance. When Italy turns from questions of foreign war and foreign aggression, and addresses herself to the hard task of international organization, she will have great need of the Pope. With those rude uncivilized populations of Sicily and Calabria, a whisper from the Vatican will do more than a clank of a hundred battalions. You want the priest, and bear in mind that he is of no value to you, when he has conformed to your views and adopted your opinions. You want him in all his ignorance and bigotry; you want him full of all the prejudices of his caste. It is then that he sways the masses. It is then that he is a power and a force.

It will be many a long day before the enlightenment of free institutions shall penetrate through the darkness of the barbarism of lower Italy. It is not in one or even in two generations that free speech or free thought, trial by jury, or liberty of the press, will appeal to these wild disciples of the stiletto and the knife. The one link that ties them to any semblance of civilization is the Church: take care how you relax this. Woe to you if you break it asunder before you have found a safe and trustworthy substitute for it!

I am not blind to the difficulties of dealing with Romanism, and I know what a hopeless task it is to approach by "reason" those who meet you only with a "conscience;" but, I repeat, Pio Nono is better than Mazzini, and the choice is between them.

From the Saturday Review.

THE IRON CROWN.

THE handing over of the "Iron Crown" to Victor Emmanuel is unquestionably an event of singular interest in connection with the ancient traditions of Italian history. Like most matters connected with Italy, it has given to sensation writers in newspapers an opportunity of displaying an amount of ignorance almost more sensational, certainly more amusing, than the high-flown periods in which it is exhibited. One writer sentimentally informed his readers that "this precious remnant of the past" was, in point of actual value, "worth only the few

pence that would purchase the rusty bit of iron of which it is formed;" and another, as well informed upon the subject of its history as the first was upon that of its materials, feelingly observes that "it is impossible to contemplate without emotion the last descendant of the Cæsars handing over to a stranger the ancient hereditary diadem of his illustrious house."

The "last descendant of the Cæsars" is of course Francis Joseph. Yet, if he be at all the descendant of the Cæsars, why is he to be the last? There is, we thought, an Austrian Prince Imperial, who has, we presume, "descended from the Cæsars" (if this is the proper phrase for being born in the Imperial family) later than his father. We say nothing of the collateral branches, in which there seems to be no fear of the race of Cæsars becoming extinct. The stranger is "Victor Emmanuel," and the "hereditary diadem" of the House of Hapsburg is the iron crown. By what strange fatality is it that, even among well-educated men, nine out of ten cannot venture either to speak or write upon any subject connected with "the Holy Roman Empire" without falling into errors as absurd as that which regards the iron crown as the hereditary diadem of Francis Joseph.

Of the "iron crown" a very small portion is iron. The crown, like most other crowns, is made of gold and precious stones. Inside it is encircled with a narrow iron rim which derives its value and its sanctity from a tradition that it is actually made out of some of the nails of the Cross. Helena, the mother of Constantine, is said to have brought them from the Holy Land upon the occasion of the visit in which she ascertained the true place of the sepulture of Christ. By her an iron rim formed of these nails was given as a precious gift to the first Christian Emperor. There is no very clear or distinct account of the manner in which this iron rim got into possession of the Lombard kings. But unquestionably at a very early period the "iron crown" formed a part of the regalia of the sovereignty which, under the name of the Italian Kingdom, had been constituted in North Italy by Alboin, the chief of the Lombard invaders.

About the middle of the sixth century the Lombards — or, as the original name was, the Long-bearded Men — had wrested from the feeble hand of the Emperors a district occupying nearly the northern half of the Italian peninsula, with a small territory in the south. Pavia was the capital of this monarchy, and, by whatever means the Lombards may have acquired the sacred

relic, the iron crown was the crown of the Italian Kingdom. Charlemagne married the daughter of the last king of the Lombard race. Ultimately, he divorced his wife and deposed his father-in-law, crowning himself in the Cathedral of Milan with the iron crown. To the title of King of Italy, which he thus acquired, the Pope and the Senate almost immediately added that of Emperor of Rome. But, though the dignities were thus united in one person, they were perfectly distinct, and were held in distinct rights. Charles was, in fact, King of the Franks, King of Italy, and he was also Emperor of Rome.

On the extinction of the descendants of Charlemagne, native princes seized, one after another, on the Italian crown. Some of them succeeded in obtaining the title of Emperor of Rome. No family, however, succeeded in firmly establishing its title, and after some years of civil war, the Kings of Germany were invited to the sovereignty, and finally it was settled that the Kingdom of Italy should be appendant to the German crown. The King of Germany (there never was an Emperor) was elected by the chiefs of the German tribes. By virtue of that election he became King of Italy, and entitled to wear the iron crown; and, as King of Italy, he acquired an inchoate right to be Emperor of Rome—a right, however, which required confirmation by the Roman Pontiff and Senate. Under this Imperial system three perfectly distinct sovereignties were united in the successor of Charlemagne. Elected King of Germany, he was crowned at Frankfort with the silver crown which was worn by the chief of the German nations. From this he proceeded either to Milan or Monza, where he was crowned King of Italy with the iron crown; afterwards he presented himself at Rome, and received from the Pope the coronation without which he had no claim to any Imperial title. He never was Emperor until he was crowned Emperor of Rome, and for centuries no King of Germany ever ventured to assume the Imperial title until he had received coronation from the Pope.

This Imperial system really ceased with the election of Rudolph, the founder of the House of Hapsburg, to the Germanic crown. The Popes denied the Emperor all authority at Rome. The German Diet asserted the title of their chief to be Emperor without any assent or coronation from the Pope. Gradually the "Empire," although it never legally bore the title of German, became German, and not Roman. "The Holy Roman Empire" became exclusively a

German institution under the control of a German Diet, and wholly separated from Rome. The somewhat shadowy prerogatives which had belonged to the Italian monarchy became, like the Imperial title, attached directly to the German sovereign, without any assumption of the Italian crown. The princes of the House of Hapsburg acquired at last possessions in Northern Italy in their own right. In all the later settlements or divisions of Italian territory the old Italian Kingdom had wholly disappeared. Its iron crown, however, remained at Milan; and because Milan was under the rule of the sovereign of Austria, the sovereign of Austria became the keeper of the crown. In 1806, as our readers know, the Emperor Francis laid down the Imperial crown then erroneously called that of Germany, and the Holy Roman Empire came formally to an end. From that hour there was no one who could put forward any pretensions to wear the iron crown of Alboin and the old Lombard kings. There was neither King of Italy nor Emperor of Rome. Napoleon had some shadow of claim to it when he declared himself King of a so-called Kingdom of Italy, and mimicked Charlemagne by placing it with his own hands upon his head. After the downfall of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna established a new Kingdom in Northern Italy in favour of Austria. But, with the most persevering obstinacy, the Emperor, acting on the advice of Metternich, refused to permit his new dominion to be called the Kingdom of Italy; it was, indeed, as a concession to his Italian subjects that he condescended to be crowned with the old iron crown as King of the realm, to which he gave the outlandish title of "the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom."

Such were the vicissitudes of this celebrated "iron crown." Originally it was the royal symbol of the Lombard sovereigns of the old Kingdom of Italy established by Alboin 1,300 years ago. Passing with that kingdom to Charlemagne from the monarchs of the Lombard race, it became in time appendant to the silver crown of the elected German kings. Surviving the realm which it represented, it remained through many a long year an unused and almost forgotten relic of the past. It was brought from its obscurity by Napoleon, in order, if possible, to connect with old titles a revolutionary throne. It became then the diadem of one who was indeed a stranger. It is at last restored to an Italian prince. Possibly no existing dynasty can show a perfect appropriateness in the wearing of that crown. The authority and the royalty it represents

are things of the long-forgotten past,* of which there is no representative in the present. Victor Emmanuel might probably find it hard to make himself out the successor of the "long-bearded" Alboin, or the inheritor of his crown. All that can be said is that the King of Italy has a better title to wear the iron crown than any other living man. Certainly the most sensitive sentimentalist may be spared any anguish he might feel in the thought that poor Francis Joseph, "the last descendant of the Cæsars," in giving up the iron crown of Alboin, is parting with "the ancient hereditary diadem of his house." Until after the erection of the newfangled "Lombardo-Venetian" Kingdom in 1815, not one of his ancestors ever had it on his head.

From the Saturday Review.

LETTERS FROM HELL.*

THE author of this ingenious work informs us, in a very solemn preface, that if any one entertains any doubt of the authenticity of these letters it will be the worse for the doubter. He adds that he hesitated for a long time before publishing them. "The assurance that they might prove the salvation of many, and the perdition of a few, did not satisfy me. The case of these latter lay heavily on my mind." The book, as it will be seen, is therefore not a mere novel, but is intended to effect the collateral purpose of frightening a great many people into salvation. Of its success in this direction it is scarcely our province to form any opinion; and we are the more careful to avoid a rash excursion beyond our proper sphere, as we find that hell is peopled to a great extent by reviewers; for reviewers, we are told, "are sarcastic, greedy, and sordid to a degree." Not only are there in hell "a goodly number of professional reviewers," but even the damned avoid them as if they were mad dogs, "for they are as snappish as ever, and form one of the worst plagues in hell." Moreover, all the malicious reviews are read by the damned as soon as they appear on earth. We have no desire for such an extension of our circulation, and will confine ourselves to the mere literary merits of the work. We shall thus be free, at any rate, from the crime of sneering at the au-

thor's good intentions; and we need not solve the difficult problem, whether a study of elaborate pictures of all the tortures which the human mind can conceive forms, on the whole, a healthy religious exercise.

We may say at once that the book, considered merely as a work of art, is rather better than the ordinary run of second-rate novels. There is indeed no proof of much imaginative force, and still less is there much power of the grotesque, although that power is almost a necessary relief to the painful impression made by a constant dwelling upon horrors. Some sort of grim humour is desirable as a contrast to the prevailing gloom, and to show that the pictures presented to us are to be taken rather symbolically than literally. What there is of the grotesque is an involuntary result of the attempt to produce a lifelike effect by prosaic details. Thus the letters are supposed to be conveyed from the writer to the receiver by the agency of ghosts, some of them "very estimable ghosts." One night the receiver happens to lay his pen aside so as to form a cross with his pencil. The ghost is so much startled at this symbol that "he dropped the letter in the spittoon and fled away." It will be seen from this that the author's conception of hell includes a very strong resemblance to our own world. This is, in fact, the main principle of the book; and the ghastly mimicry of human occupations and passions is described with some literary force. The hell of the letters is by no means the hell of Dante—a place of infinitely varying physical tortures. It is rather an expansion of the admirably described scene in *Redgauntlet*, where the adventurous piper finds Claverhouse and his companions employed over a diabolical repetition of their earthly revels. Human nature, the author oddly remarks, is much the same everywhere—even in hell. The letters are pretty much after the manner of those of a newspaper correspondent, except that a large part of them is naturally devoted to personal reminiscences; they include accounts of excursions to different parts of hell, of conversations with many distinguished characters, and remarks as to the way in which business is transacted there. Thus we find that there is a great deal of society, sometimes of an exclusive kind; but all the mirth is unreal; "that person is not to be found in hell who can give utterance to a really refreshing, amusing witticism." There is a public promenade, where people are to be seen dressed in the fashion of every country and century; but all the dandies know that they are as

* *Letters from Hell.* By M. Rowel. London: Richard Bentley. 1866.

ridiculous as the rivals at whom they are compelled to scoff, and that, gorgeous as their dresses may be, they do not really hide their nakedness; for, in hell, "nakedness is the universal law." There are beggars in hell; the most troublesome are the missionaries, who have made false reports of their successes, baptizing without being particular as to conversion, and who still go about "beseeching people in the most important way to be baptized." There are balls and social gatherings of all sorts, where every one talks scandal of the worst kind about his neighbours, and is irresistibly impelled to listen to scandal about himself. There are churches in hell which are thronged with worshippers, who, when they try to sing hymns, break out into lewd and blasphemous songs, and where the preacher makes hideous grimaces, and pours out a flood of abominable balderdash. There are towns and palaces and theatres, for whenever a number of spirits unite to desire anything, their wish is at once accomplished; the result, however, is a mere phantasm, and is incapable of giving real pleasure. Soldiers can still carry on imaginary wars, and sensualists seek for illusory gratifications; in short, the chief horror of hell is that every one is doomed to act in accordance with his old propensities, but finds that they never give him more than a shadowy image of pleasure. A short conversation with one ghost brings out the continuity of worldly associations. The writer sits down beside a young lady of admirable beauty and modesty, dressed all in white, and asks her, "Are you the White Lady?" "I don't know what you mean," she replies. "I am Emily Flemming." "Flemming and Sparkman, Glasgow, Trentbury Square? I blurted out." The ghost nodded her head in assent, and proceeded to tell a story which, but for her peculiar situation, we should have been tempted to describe as a wilful fabrication.

There is one obvious difficulty in the way of working out this conception. It is of course, necessary to represent the damned as suffering from the continuance of their evil desires, which they have become incapable of even attempting to resist. A sort of impotent recollection of attempts to repent is all that remains. The writer, for example, endeavours to say the Lord's Prayer, but after trying it twenty or a hundred times, he only gets through the first two words, and then tries to say it backwards with equally ill success. Hence, to be consistent, it would seem that he should express sentiments of a kind befitting his position. He should glory in his wicked-

ness, and only regret that he is no longer able to find satisfaction in it. Instead of this, we find this lost soul constantly expressing sentiments which would be creditable in any position of life. Perhaps they may be suspected as being rather too unctuous in tone. The overflowing of love to all mankind, the absence of any repining against the justice of his punishment, and the desire to draw useful morals from every point of the story, are exhibited with an eagerness calculated to throw doubt upon their sincerity. His tone rather unpleasantly reminds us of the convicts who are trying to get on the weak side of the chaplain. The interstices of descriptions of life in hell are filled with such matter as this:—"It is still vouchsafed you, late though it be, to begin a new life. But delay not to enter upon that blessed road which leads from star to star into the Kingdom of Glory. Oh, only do not delay!" And there are many other remarks of a still more decidedly religious character. From this we must infer that one of the incidental occupations of persons in the unfortunate position of the letter-writer is to produce raw materials for tracts. We do not argue as to the intrinsic probability of such an hypothesis; but its dramatic propriety seems, to say the least of it, to be doubtful. An evil spirit whose chief punishment it is that, although unable to gratify his earthly passions, he is constantly possessed by them without the capacity for resistance, should not be constantly overwhelming us with pious advice. It tends to convince us that the section of society to which he belongs is by no means wanting in persons of very excellent character, though in a very uncomfortable position. To be just, indeed, we must confess that the author seems to accept this conclusion. He takes great pains to tell us that not only is hell paved with good intentions, but that it is actually filled by a large number of persons distinguished by exemplary qualities. There is, he says, a general opinion that a man must be exceedingly wicked to find himself in hell; but it is really inconceivable how little can send a person there. He meets, for example, a young woman, whose worse fault is "an excessive devotion to her husband." She is punished by his arrival at the same destination with his heart occupied by another passion. One of the sins for which the author himself is punished is that he had been merciful to a certain evildoer, not from pure mercy, but from the feeling that he had previously been too severe. "Oh! these good deeds," he exclaims, "how many have they brought into misery?" Another

"noble-hearted" artist, who had died in defence of his country, is damned because he had been too much disposed to make an idol of his profession. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear that, as most persons die unawares, "most of them awaken in hell." Of the theological value of this opinion, we can of course say nothing; but, artistically, it weakens the effect, for a reason like that which interferes with the dramatic propriety of *Paradise Lost*. We begin, in fact, to feel our sympathies enlisted on the wrong side. It is true that there are a great many murderers and other evildoers encountered by the author, some of whose crimes are recounted at considerable length. We are introduced, amongst other historical characters, to Pontius Pilate, who is always endeavouring to cleanse his hands from the stains of blood; to Judas Iscariot, who tries incessantly to get behind other ghosts and hang round their necks, his intention in which, we are told, "is not quite clear"; to Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, and to Mahomet, who is rather unfairly classed with so contemptible an impostor; and to a Spanish king, who gives out a notice that he will "allow himself to be burned alive, after having most graciously submitted to trial by torture *in extenso*." About six hundred heretics will most respectfully wait upon His Majesty, and will, *pro forma*, accompany His Supreme Highness to hell." And, besides these monsters, there are a variety of fancy murderers and perpetrators of various crimes. Of the propriety of the sentence passed upon such offenders there can of course be no doubt; but it only renders more questionable the poetical justice of intermingling them with ladies who have been too fond of their husbands, and with noble-hearted and patriotic gentlemen who have been too zealous in the pursuit of their art. If there were any gradation in the tortures to which they are subjected, we should not be so much shocked. As it is, we cannot help feeling a certain sympathy with the sufferers which detracts very perceptibly from the desirable unity of effect.

We have said nothing of the character of the supposed author of these revelations. Interwoven with the description of the place of torment, there are a great number of personal recollections. These are, on the whole, of a very feeble character. The

principal persons described are an old aunt, whose efforts to improve the character of her nephew were singularly thrown away; and a virtuous young woman named Lili, who is so obtrusively holy and innocent, and disposed to administer good advice, as to be not a little of a bore. There is another young woman, whom the writer has been guilty of seducing; and it is a source of very just annoyance to him, though some of the details are rather disagreeable, that he cannot tell what has become of their illegitimate child. Of these recollections, which he is very fond of bestowing upon us at considerable length, we grow rather tired, as they are obviously a mere device for introducing a great quantity of sermonizing, which would not come with equal grace from the mouth of a damned spirit. The truth is that the author's description of hell, whether it is or is not a legitimate mode of insinuating good advice, is considerably spoiled by all this infusion of feeble advice. If the author had been content simply to depict its horrors as forcibly as he could, and to leave us to draw our own conclusions, there are some proofs that he might really have drawn an effective, though a horrible, picture; there are many passages which are not wanting in the power suitable to such a purpose. But, as we have said, the mixture of inferior sermonizing very much spoils the effect. It reminds us rather of the "spheres" imagined by spirit-rappers than of the forcible, if gross, pictures produced by the imagination of the middle ages. Hell, as here described, has been so much refined away, by a compromise with certain modern prejudices, that it loses its reality. It is good neither to amuse philosophers nor to frighten the ignorant; there is a feeble attempt to fit it for the age, which only makes it a washed-out representative of the hell of bolder and coarser fancies.

We must add that one rather incongruous effect is produced by the extreme interest taken by the spirits in the Schleswig-Holstein question and the events of the Danish war. It is due to the fact—unnoticed in the title-page—that the book is a translation from the Danish; but it interferes not a little with the harmony of the picture. Perhaps, however, the Schleswig-Holstein question is not an inappropriate subject for meditation in such a region.

From the Examiner.

On Railway and other Injuries of the Nervous System. By John Eric Erichsen, Professor of Surgery and of Clinical Surgery in University College, London; Examiner in Surgery at the University of London. Walton and Maberly.

MANY a sign of progress has its drawback known to the physicians. It was much to exchange the tinder-box for the phosphorus match; but with the phosphorus match came the new and terrible disease that ate into the jaws of many of its makers. We have exchanged coach travelling at eight or ten miles an hour for railway travelling at thirty or forty; but with the swifter travelling comes the more violent concussion; and even when there is no shock of accident, the daily traveller endures a chronic jar that has a serious effect upon the nervous system. This little book contains the substance of half-a-dozen hospital lectures given by one of the best English surgeons, who has thought it worth while to study carefully those obscure injuries to the spinal cord which are suffered frequently by persons who have been subjected to the violent shock of a railway collision. The frequency of this result has been imperfectly recognized. The hurt is obscure. It is usually not perceived at the moment. The sufferer, in the excitement of the scene thanks God he is unhurt, busies himself in care of the wounded, and goes home to experience next day, or in two or three days, the beginning of that gradual failure of power which is a common effect of concussion of the spine. A medical witness in an action for damages against the railway company may have reason to thank Professor Erichsen for having directed his attention to the significance of these obscure symptoms.

Of the effects on the spinal cord of severe blows on the back Mr. Erichsen gives some instructive cases from his own hospital experience and from the records of others. The most curious of them is the following from the *New York Journal of Medicine*:

A man, twenty-two years of age, in felling a tree, was struck on the back part of the head and between the shoulders by a large bough. This accident occurred in 1845. The force of the blow expended itself chiefly on the lower cervical spine and the shoulders. A complete paralysis of sensation and motion, of all the parts below this, was the immediate result. This condition continued without the slightest

change. The vital and animal functions were naturally performed. Respiration, circulation, digestion, secretion, and assimilation were all normal. There was a sensible increase in the frequency and volume of the circulation, and respiration was noticed to be slightly increased in frequency above the normal standard. The weight of the body became greater after than it had been before the injury, and the lower limbs retained their natural heat and physical development.

The patient evinced an unusual share of mental vigour after the injury, and possessed a resolution and determination that are described as truly surprising in his forlorn and helpless condition. He threw himself into the midst of society for excitement, and was fond of travelling, lying on his back in his carriage.

In 1851, six years after the accident, he presented himself in the County Medical Society (Greene, New York), and requested the amputation of his lower extremities, which he stated were a burdensome appendage to the rest of his body, causing him much labour in moving them, and stating that he wanted the room they occupied in his carriage for books and other articles. He insisted on the operation with his wonted resolution and energy. The surgeon whom he consulted at first refused to consent to amputation, not only objecting to so extensive a mutilation for such reasons as he gave, but fearing lest the vitality of the vegetative existence enjoyed by his limbs might be insufficient for a healthy healing process. The patient, still determined in his resolve to have the limbs cut off as a useless burden to the rest of the body, sought other advice, and at last had his wishes gratified.

Both limbs were amputated near the hip-joints, without the slightest pain or even the tremor of a muscle. The stumps healed readily, and no unfavourable symptoms occurred in the progress of perfect union by the first intention. In this mutilated state he was perfectly unable to move his pelvis in the slightest degree. He resumed his wandering life, and travelled over a great part of the States. He died in May, 1852, of disease of the liver, brought on by his excesses in drink, to which he had become greatly addicted since his accident. No post-mortem examination was made.

This case is a most remarkable one in several points of view, and in none more than in this, that a double amputation of so serious a character could be successfully practised on a person affected by complete paraplegia, and yet that the stumps healed by the first intention. Besides this remarkable fact, there are two special points of interest in this case which bear upon the subject that we are now considering, viz., that the weight of the body is stated to have increased after the accident, and that the limbs which were so completely paralyzed as to admit of amputation without the patient experiencing the slightest sensation of pain, had in no way wasted during the six years that they had been paralyzed, but retained "their normal

physical development," as is expressly stated in the report of the case. We can have no stronger evidence than this to prove that mere disuse of a limb, for a lengthened period of years even, is not necessarily followed by the wasting of it.

But the public is most interested in that slighter form of injury which some surgeons have even begun to call 'the Railway Spine,' though there is, of course, no special difference between concussion of the spine from a railway accident and its concussion by fall from a horse. The difference is in degree, with probability that the railway concussion will be more sharp and effectual.

In a case of concussion of the spine in a farmer and miller who obtained 5,775*l* damages, there was at the time of the accident only a cut lip and a severe shaking. The sufferer proceeded on his journey. It was observed by a friend who drove him home from the station that he did not seem to recollect the road. He arrived home feeling bruised, shaken, and confused, went to bed, but did not consider himself ill enough to send for medical advice till five days afterwards. It was fifteen months afterwards that Mr. Erichsen was consulted. He found him unable to recollect numbers, — the ages of his children, for example, — unable to transact business, troubled with frightful dreams, waking in terror, frowning habitually to exclude light from his eyes, unable to read for more than two or three minutes at a time. Vision and hearing were oversensitive on the right side and almost lost on the left; with like difference throughout the body; he was unable to walk without support, or to bend his spine in any direction without suffering severe pain, so that he sat always rigid and upright.

Concussion of the spine, ending in paralysis, resulted, in one of the cases here given, from so slight an accident as a trip down two or three stairs and bumping forcibly upon the heels. In a railway accident, a throwing of the body from side to side may cause a twist of head and trunk, producing wrench of the spine. In the Staplehurst accident, an accomplished young lady, who had been an intrepid rider, a skilful driver, and an accomplished musician, had her neck so severely twisted and sprained that it lost the power of supporting her head, which fell from side to side as if the neck were broken. She could only keep her head erect by use of a stiff collar. The use of the left arm also was lost. Mr. Erichsen

saw this young lady ten-and-a-half months after the accident, and found that, without fracture, the loosening of the ligaments and muscular supports between the vertebrae was so great, that the head was movable upon the lower part of the neck in all directions, as if there were a ball and socket joint. There was no pain in the spine of the neck, and palsy was confined to the left arm.

Such are the injuries to which we are exposed by the mere shock and jar of railway accidents. And again we refer to the fact that

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Injuries of the Spine is, the disproportion that exists between the apparently trifling accident that the patient has sustained, and the real and serious mischief that has occurred. Not only do symptoms of Concussion of the Spine of the most serious, progressive, and persistent character, often develop themselves after what are apparently slight injuries, but frequently when there is no sign whatever of external injury. This is well exemplified in Case 9, the patient having been partially paralyzed simply by slipping down a few stairs on her heels. The shake or jar that is inflicted on the spine when a person jumping from the height of a few feet comes to the ground suddenly and heavily on his heels or in a sitting posture has been well known to surgeons as not an uncommon cause of spinal weakness and debility. It is the same in railway accidents; the shock to which the patient is subjected in them being often followed by a train of slowly-progressive symptoms indicative of Concussion and subsequent Irritation and Inflammation of the Cord and its Membranes.

But I may not only say that sudden shocks applied to the body are liable to be followed by the train of evil consequences that are now discussing, I may even go farther, and say that these symptoms of Spinal Concussion seldom occur when a serious injury has been inflicted on one of the limbs, unless the Spine itself has at the same time been severely and directly struck. A person who by any of the accidents of civil life meets with an injury by which one of the limbs is fractured or is dislocated, necessarily sustains a very severe shock, but it is the rarest thing possible to find that the Spinal Cord or the Brain has been injuriously influenced by this shock that has been impressed on the body. It would appear as if the violence of the shock expended itself in the production of the fracture or the dislocation, and that a jar of the more delicate nervous structures is thus avoided. I may give a familiar illustration of this from an injury to a watch by falling on the ground. A watchmaker once told me that if the glass was broken the works were rarely damaged; if the glass escapes unbroken, the jar of

the fall will usually be found to have stopped the movement.

How these Jars, Shakes, Shocks, or Concussions of the Spinal Cord directly influence its action I cannot say with certainty. We do not know how it is that when a magnet is struck a heavy blow with a hammer, the magnetic force is jarred, shaken, or concussed out of the horse-shoe. But we know that it is so, and that the iron has lost its magnetic power. So, if the spine is badly jarred, shaken, or concussed by a blow or shock of any kind communicated to the body, we find that the nervous force is to a certain extent shaken out of the man, and that he has in some way lost nervous power. What immediate change, if any, has taken place in the nervous structure to occasion that effect we no more know than what change happens to a magnet when struck. But we know that a change has taken place in the action of the nervous system just as we do in the action of the iron by the change that is induced in the loss of its magnetic force.

Whatever the primary change, the secondary effects are inflammatory, and they are apt to develop themselves slowly. The sufferer does not know that any serious accident has happened to him:

He feels that he has been violently jolted and shaken, he is perhaps somewhat giddy and confused, but he finds no bones broken, merely

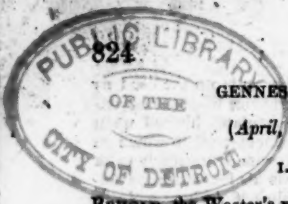
some superficial bruises or cuts on the head or legs, perhaps even no evidence whatever of external injury. He congratulates himself upon his escape from the imminent peril to which he has been exposed. He becomes unusually calm and self-possessed; assists his less-fortunate fellow-sufferers, occupies himself perhaps actively in this way for several hours, and then proceeds on his journey.

When he reaches his home, the effects of the injury that he has sustained begin to manifest themselves. A revulsion of feeling takes place. He bursts into tears, becomes unusually talkative, and is excited. He cannot sleep, or, if he does, he wakes up suddenly with a vague sense of alarm. The next day he complains of feeling shaken or bruised all over, as if he had been beaten, or had violently strained himself by exertion of an unusual kind. This stiff and strained feeling chiefly affects the muscles of the neck and loins, sometimes extending to those of the shoulders and thighs. After a time, which varies much in different cases, from a day or two to a week or more, he finds that he is unfit for exertion, and unable to attend to business. He now lays up, and perhaps for the first time seeks surgical assistance.

We have not touched on questions of pathology or other professional details which are discussed in this strictly professional work. But its main topic is one that concerns all travellers.

We have now only to thank Mr. Froude for the vivid account which he has given in his last chapter of English misdoings in Ireland. That Ireland has been, and is, disaffected to England we cannot wonder, when we read of the fiendish wickedness by which men sought to keep Ireland in subjection to the English Crown, and to bring her into subjection to the English Church. Those days are past, but we are still paying the penalty of them; in all these cases of national wrong, the removal of wrong does not, perhaps for generations, carry with it the removal of the memory and sentiment of wrong. It is clear that the Englishmen of Elizabeth's time looked on Irishmen simply as wild beasts, as some Englishmen still look on negroes or even on Hindoos. Men rode out for some "killing"—that is, for the indiscriminate murder of the natives of all ages and sexes, looked on seem-

ingly as a lawful occupation or rather amusement. As Mr. Froude says, they went beyond the cruelties of Alva; except in the sack of towns, where there is no great choice between one nation and another, Alva did not massacre women and children. But in the eyes of English soldiers and settlers an Irishwoman and her children were much on a level with a she-wolf and her cubs. It would have been a much milder fate for Ireland to have been conquered by Turks, who would have let the unhappy Papist pay tribute and worship after his own fashion. Indeed the Irish were worse off than the negroes, except on the doctrine that life in bondage is worse than death. It was a case in which the existence of slavery would have made matters a degree less horrible. — *Saturday Review*.



GENNESARET.

GENNESARET.

(April, 1862.)

I.

BEHOLD, the Waster's peace is here:
Dead silence after battle-bray.
Unlike the western spring-tide dear,
When English fields are hushed in May,
With populous calm of tender sound
Of leaf and insect, fold and herd,
And wild birds revelling all around,
Here sickly Nature hath no word.
The ancient World's-debate is still
In desolate rest, even since that day
When up yon western horned hill *
The long day's strife did roll and roar,
And their faint few might strike no more.
The controversy of the Lord
His mindful mountains hear, until
Their ancient strength shall melt away.

II.

Thine is the quiet of the Dead.
Yet hast thou known another scene,
What time the words of Peace were said
Between thy peaks, Kurûn Hattin:
When He in whom we live
Bless'd those who love; spare, toil, forgive —
All Earth's unknowing race in turn.
It may not fail, it hath not pass'd,
It holds for aye, from first to last,
The amplest blessing spoken-then
On all the sighing sons of men:
"Blessed are they who mourn."

III.

He shall not reign, His people cried.
They have their will — He holds His hand.
And still the Turkish scourge is plied,
The wasting curse of man and beast;
And Desert tribes, like Desert sand,
All the fierce children of the East,
Go up as locusts on the land.

* * * * *

But yester-eve we lingered late,
(Being somewhat worn with sun and speed),
To watch, beneath Tiberias' gate,
The wild Hawâra play jereed,
Like swallow wheel'd each wiry steed,
Until the thief who him bestrode
Deck'd with all colours of the Mede,
Looked wing'd and bird-like in his selle,
So lithe and light he rode,
Upon the broken battlement,
All cloven the day when Safed fell.
In one wide carnage, earthquake-rent,
The women gazed and sang by turns.

* Hill of Kurûn Hattin — scene of the Sermon
on the Mount most probably, and of Saladin's vic-
tory over the last Crusaders.

They held their Bairâm feast that day
With game of war and sport of love.
Their Syrian spring burn'd fiercely gay,
And whispering waved the palms, above
Volcanic fire that heaves and burns.

IV.

The lovely lake fills up the caves
Which once were as the mouth of hell;
The flowers laugh careless over graves;
And though we mourn that Beauty dies,
She hath her day, and it is well,
A little while she flies,
All marred and weeping, like Love's queen
From Diomedes' spear-head keen and gray.
Yet ever again where she hath been,
Renewed yet changeless, night and day,
She triumphs o'er the scene.
As with the breathing of God's breath,
So dies she ever, and is born.
Hers are the gates of eve and morn,
Whence she doth marshal cloud and light,
Like hosts with banners manifold,
From crimson wild to burning gold,
To flame o'er fair things and forlorn.
She is a sign of God to man,
Even when his weariest work is done.
Though smoke of labour blot the sun,
And din of trade offend the skies,
And all the dancing streams that run
Be clogged with mills and foul with dyes, —
Yet falls the night, and morn doth rise
In beauty over all things mean;
And in the glory of thine eyes
Sadness grows dear and dulness bright,
O Mistress, O our Queen!
The broad white stars obey thy hand
On purple dark of desert Night;
Thy strength is with the pitying moon,
Which comforts earth for fire of noon
With clear cold floods of dewy light.
And o'er the savage Northern sea
Hours of long sunset glow for thee
In nameless hues of unthought sheen.

V.

Feel bit and rein, draw girths, and mount.
Yet gaze along the silent shore
Ere this delight shall join the account
Of all that we shall see no more.
The bright lake mirrors slope and cliff,
Each standing on its shade, as if
The "Peace, be still" were lately said.
The sharp-leaved oleanders glow
For miles of marge: a light of snow
Rests on the northern waves, below
Old Hermon's triple head.
In many a dream, beloved Sea,
Our souls shall walk again by thee.

R. St. J. T.

— Cornhill Magazine.

END OF VOLUME XCI.

ss,

ay,

ight,

l.

T.